FALSE COUNT,

OR, A

New Way to play AN OLD GAME.

As it is Acted at the

Duke's Theatre.

Written by Mrs. *A. Behn.*

LONDON,
Printed by *M. Flesher*, for *Jacob Tonson*, at the *Judge's-Head* in *Chancery-lane*, near *Fleetstreet*. 1682.

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. *Smith.*

KNow all the Whiggs and Tories of the Pit,
(Ye furious Guelfs and Gibelines of Wit,
Who for the Cauſe, and crimes of Forty one
So furiously maintain the Quarrel on.)
Our Author as you'll find it writ in ſtory,
Has hitherto been a moſt wicked Tory;
But now to th' joy o' th' Brethren be it ſpoken,
Our Siſters vain miſtaking eyes are open;
And wiſely valluing her dear intereſt now,
All powerfull Whiggs, converted is to you.
'Twas long ſhe did maintain the Royal Cauſe,
Argu'd, diſputed, rail'd with great applauſe;
Writ Madrigals and Dogerel on the times,
And charg'd you all with your fore-fathers crimes;
Nay confidently ſwore no plot was true,
But that ſo ſlyly carri'd on by you.
Rais'd horrid ſcandals on you, helliſh ſtories,
In Conventicles how you eat young Tories;
As Jew *did heretofore eat* Chriſtian *ſuckling;*
And brought an Odium *on your pious gutling:*
When this is all malice it ſelf can ſay,
You for the good old Cauſe devoutly eat and pray:
Though this one Text were able to convert ye,
Ye needy tribe of ſcriblers to the Party;
Yet there are more advantages than theſe,
For write, invent, and make what Plots you pleaſe,
The Wicked Party keeps your Witneſſes;
Like frugal Cuckold-makers you beget
Bratts that, ſecur'd, by others fires ſhall ſit.
Your Conventicling miracles out doe
All that the Whore of Babylon *e'er knew:*
By wondrous art you make Rogues honeſt men,
And when you pleaſe transform 'em Rogues again.
To day a Saint, if he but hang a Papiſt,
Peach a true Proteſtant, your Saint's turn'd Atheiſt:
And dying Sacraments do leſs prevail,
Than living ones though took in Lamb's-Wool-Ale.
Who won'd not then be for a Common-weal,
To have the Villain cover'd with his Zeal?

PROLOGUE.

Zeal, which for convenience can dispence
With Plays, provided there's no wit nor sense;
For Wit's prophane, and Jesuitical,
And Plotting's Popery, and the Devil and all.
We then have fitted you with one to day,
'Tis writ as 't were a recantation Play;
Renouncing all that has pretence to witty,
T' obleige the Reverend Brumighams *o' th' City:*
No smutty Scenes, no Jests to move your Laughters,
Nor Love that so debauches all your Daughters.
But shou'd the Toryes now, who will desert me
Because they find no dry bobs on your Party,
Resolve to hiss as late did Popish Crew,
By Yea and Nay, shee'll throw her self on you,
The grand Inquest of Whiggs, to whom shee's true.
Then let 'em rail and hiss and damn their fill,
Your Verdict will be Ignoramus *still.*

Actors Names.

Mr. *Smith*,	Don *Carlos*,	Governour of *Cadez*, young and rich, in love with *Julia*.
Mr. *Wiltshire*,	*Antonio*,	A Merchant, young and rich, Friend to *Carlos*, in love with *Clara*, promis'd to *Isabella*.
Mr. *Nokes*,	*Francisco*,	Old and rich, Husband to *Julia* and Father to *Isabella*.
Mr. *Bright*,	*Baltazer*,	Father to *Julia* and *Clara*.
Mr. *Freeman*,	*Sebastian*,	Father to *Antonio*.
Mr. *Underhill*	*Guzman*,	Gentleman to *Carlos*.
Mr. *Lee*,	*Guiliom*,	A Chimney Sweeper; the False Count.
	Two overgrown Pages to the False Count.	
	Petro,	Cashier to *Antonio*.
	Captain,	Of a Gally.
	2 Seamen,	
	Lopez,	Servant to *Baltazer*.
	Several,	Disguis'd like *Turks*.

Women.

Mrs. *Davis*,	*Julia*,	Wife to *Francisco*; young and handsom, in love with *Carlos*.
Mrs. *Petty*,	*Clara*,	Sister to *Julia*, in love with *Antonio*.
Mrs. *Coror*,	*Isabella*,	Daughter to *Francisco*; proud, vain and foolish, despising all men under the degree of Quality, and falls in love with *Guiliom*.
Mrs. *Osborn*,	*Jacinta*,	Woman to *Julia*.
	Dancers, Singers, *&c.*	

THE

THE FALSE COUNT, OR, A New way to play AN OLD GAME.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Street.*

Enter Carlos, Antonio, *and* Guzman.

Car. BY all that's good, I'm mad; ſtark raving mad, to
have a Woman young, rich, beautyfull,
Juſt on the point of yeilding to my Love,
Snatcht from my Armes by ſuch a Beaſt as this;
An Old ridiculous Buffoon, paſt Pleaſure,
Paſt Love, or any thing that tends that way;
Ill-favour'd, Ill-bred, and Ill-qualify'd,
With more Diſeaſes than a Horſe paſt Service;
And onely bleſt with Fortune and my *Julia*:
For him, I ſay, this Miſer, to obtain her,
After my tedious nights and dayes of Love,
My midnight Watchings, Quarells, Wounds and Dangers;
—My Perſon, not unhanſom too,
By Heav'n, 'twas Wonderous ſtrange!

Anto. And old *Francisco*, without the expence of an hours Courtship, a Billet Doux, or scarce a Sight of her, could gain her in a day; and yet 'tis wonder, your Fortune and your Quality, should be refus'd by Don *Baltazer*, her Father.

Car. A Pox upon't, I went the wrong way to work, and courted the Daughter, but indeed my Father, the late Governor of *Cadez*, whose Estate and Honour I now enjoy, was then living; and, fearing he would not consent to my Passion, I endeavor'd to keep it secret, though sacred Vows had past between us two.

Anto. Did she not tell you of this Marriage with old *Francisco*?

Car. The night before, she did; but onely by a Letter from her window dropt; which when by the help of a dark Lantern, I had read, I was struck dead with Grief. [*gives him the letter.*

Anto. reads.] *Expect to morrow night to hear I'm dead, since the next Sun will guide me to a fatall Marriage with old* Francisco. *Your* Julia.

Car. Judge, dear *Antonio*, my Surprise and Grief;
A while I stood unmov'd, thoughtless, and silent,
But soon rage wak'd me to new Life again;
But what I said and did, I leave to raging Lovers,
Like disappointed me, to gues and judge;
She heard——and onely answer'd me in tears,
Nor could I beg one tender word from her,
She sight, and shut the window too, and vanisht.

Ant. And she accordingly next day was married.

Car. She was,——and I have since endeavor'd all the Arts and Ways I can, to Cuckold him; 'tis now two months since the Wedding, and I hear he keeps her as close as a Relict, jealous as Age and Impotence can make him.——She hitherto has been absent at *Sivil*, but Expectation of her Daughter-in-law's Wedding with you has brought 'em hither,——and, I ask your Pardon, *Antonio*, for rallying your Father-in-law that shall be, old *Francisco*.

Anto. I hope you are mistaken, Sir.

Car. How, Are not you to marry his Daughter *Isabella*?

Anto. Not, if I can help it, Sir,——the Honour you have done me in your friendship to me, a Person so much above me in Title and Birth, makes me think it my Duty to conceal no part of my Heart to you,——Know then this *Isabella*, daughter to old *Francisco*,

Franciſco, and your Cuckold that ſhall be, I hope, is, though fair moſt ridiculouſly proud, vain and fantaſticall; as all of her Birth and Education, grown Rich, are;

Car. Prethee, What was her Birth?

Anto. Why, her Father, old *Franciſco*, was in his youth an *Engliſh* Cordwinder, that is to ſay, a Shoo-maker, Which he improv'd in time to a Merchant, and, the Devil and his Knavery helping him to a conſiderable Eſtate, he ſet up for *Gentleman*; and being naturally a ſtingey, hide bound Raſcall, and in the Humour of jealouſie even out-doing the moſt rigid of us *Spaniards*, he came over into *Spain*, to ſettle with his whole Family, where, his Wife *dying*, to heighten the vice, marries this young *Julia*, your Miſtreſs, Sir;—and now this Daughter of his having wholly forgot her originall Dunghill, ſetts up for a Vicounteſs at leaſt, though her father has deſign'd me the Bleſſing; but I have fixt my Heart and Eyes elſewhere, *Clara*, the young Siſter of your Miſtreſs, Sir, commands my Liberty.

Car. Clara, I've ſeen her, ſhe has Youth and Beauty capable to make a conqueſt any where,—but, Does ſhe know your Love?

Anto. She does; and makes me think my Love return'd.

Car. Then know, *Antonio*, I muſt be your Rival.

Anto. How, Sir!

Car. You ſaid but now you were my Friend, *Antonio*, If true, you muſt aſſiſt in my deſign.

Anto. I liſten, Sir, impatiently.

Car. Then thus; Before I knew ſhe was your Miſtreſs, I had reſolv'd upon Adreſſes to her, in order to't, have treated with her Father about a Marriage.

Anto. How! and wou'd the falſe, forſworn, receive your Vows!

Car. No; but with Tears implores her Father dayly, when e'er he ſpeaks to her about my Paſſion; nor can I undeceive her, for indeed I have but feign'd a Love, (ſhe living in the ſame houſe with *Julia* whilſt here at *Cadez*) to get an opportunity with that dear, charming Creature; for, coming as a Brother, ſure they'll admit me kindly; nor will *Franciſco*, who has heard of what has paſt 'twixt me and *Julia*, ſuſpect me any more.

Anto. I knew I had a Rivall, Sir, which *Clara* lov'd not; but nere cou'd get it from her who he was, for fear of miſchief—I have often the Liberty to ſee her, under the name and pretence of *Iſabella's* Lover.

Car. And I Visit her onely to get a sight of *Julia*, which hitherto has been impossible, though I have oft indeavor'd it——I beg you'll not be jealous, for this, by Heav'n, is onely my Design.

Anto. I'll trust my Life, my Honour and my Mistress, in so good hands at any time.

Car. You obliege me; but though I find your *Clara*, cold and cruel, *Isabella* would invite me to her Love, And makes so many kind advances to me.——

Anto. So would she for your Title were you deform'd, and had no shape of man about you; but me, because a little Citizen and Merchant—she so reviles, Calling me base Mechanick, Sawcy Fellow; and wonders where I got the Impudence to speak of Love to her, ——*in fine* I am resolved to be reveng'd on all her Pride and Scorn; by Heav'n, I will invent some dire Revenge; ——I'm bent upon't, and will about it instantly.

Car.——and would you do it home and handsomly——and have a good occasion of being disingag'd from her, and make her self the Instrument?

Anto. Ay, such a Plot were worth the Prosecution.

Car. And such a one I have in my head, *Guzman*, my servant, knows a Fellow here in *Cadez*, whom for his pleasant humour I have oft observ'd, as I have past the streets, but too mean to be converst with, by almost any humane thing, by Trade, a Chimney Sweeper.

Anto. On, Sir, I beseech you.

Car. This Fellow's of a quick Wit and good Apprehension, though possibly he cannot act the Don so well, yet that which makes up the best part of our young Gallants, now a days, he shall not want; that is, good Cloaths, Money, and an Equipage,—— and a little Instruction will serve turn.

Anto. I'm ravisht with the Fancy;——let me see——he shall be an *Englisb* Lord, or a *French* Count.

Car. Either, we'll furnish him with Bills on Seigniour Don *Francisco*,——men and bagage, and the busines is done——he shall make *Love* to her.

Anto. Most Excellent.

Car. Guzman, have you not observ'd this Fellow I am speaking of?

Guz. Observ'd him, Sir; I know him particularly, I'll fetch him

to

to you now, Sir; he alwaies ſtands for new employment with the reſt of his Gang under Saint *Jago's* Church-wall.

Car. Bring him anon to my Lodgings, where we'll prepare him for the Adventure.

Anto. And if the Proud *Iſabella* bite not at ſo gay a Bait, I'll be bound to marry her.

Car. And if ſhe do not, poſſibly that may be your Fate—— but, in return, you muſt let *Clara* know the Deſign I have, and, undeceiving her opinion of my Love, make her of our Party.

Anto. Truſt my Friendſhip, Sir, and Management, I'll to her inſtantly, that is, make a Viſit to *Iſabella*, and get an opportunity to ſpeak with *Clara.*

Car. And I muſt write a Letter to *Julia*, to undeceive her Fears too, cou'd I but get it to her.

Guz. For that, let me alone—— [Exeunt *ſeverally bowing.*

SCENE II. *A Chamber.*

Enter Julia *and* Jacinta.

Jac. Lord, Madam, you are as melancholy as a ſick Parrot.

Juli. And can you blame me, *Jacinta*, have I not many Reaſons to be ſad; firſt, have I not loſt the onely man on earth in Don *Carlos*, that I cou'd love? and worſe than that, am married to a Thing, fit onely for his Tombe; a Brute, who wanting ſenſe to Value me, treats me more like a Priſoner than a Wife, ——and his Pretence is, becauſe I ſhould not ſee, nor hear from Don *Carlos.*

Jac. Wou'd I were in your room, Madam, I'd cut him out work enough I'd warrant him; and if he durſt impoſe on me, i'faith I'd transform both his Shape and his manners; in ſhort, I'd try what Woman-hood cou'd doe. And indeed, the revenge wou'd be ſo pleaſant, I wou'd not be without a jealous Husband for all the world, and really, Madam, Don *Carlos* is ſo ſweet a Gentleman.

Jul. Ay, but the Sin, *Jacinta*!

Jac. A' my Conſcience Heav'n wou'd forgive it, for this match of yours, with old *Franciſco*, was never made there.

Jul. Then if I wou'd, alas what oportunities have I, for I confeſs ſince his firſt Vows made him mine.——

Jac. —right—that lying with old *Francisco* is flat Adultery--

Jul. I might, with some Excuse, give my self away to *Carlos* —but oh, he's false, he takes unjustly all the Vows he paid me, And gives 'em to my Sister *Clara* now.

Jac. Indeed, that's something uncivil, Madam, if it be true.

Jul. True! my Father has with joy consented to it, and he has leave, to visit her; and can I Live to see't? No, Mischief will ensue, my Love's too high, too Nicely true to brook Affronts like that.

Jac. Yet you first broke with him.

Jul. Not I, be witness heav'n with what reluctancy I forc't my breaking heart; and can I see, that charming Body in my Sisters Armes! that Mouth that has so oft sworn love to me, kist by anothers Lips! no, *Jacinta*, that night that gives him to another Woman, shall see him dead between the Charmers Armes. My life I hate, and when I live no more for *Carlos*, I'll cease to be at all, it is resolv'd.

Jac. Faith, Madam, I hope to live to see a more Comicall end of your Amours——but see where your Amiable Spouse comes with Don *Baltazer* your Father!

Enter Francisco *and* Baltazer.

Fran. So——you two are damnable Close together, 'tis for no goodness I'll warrant, you have your trade betimes.

Jac. Meaning me, Sir?

Fran. Yes you, one of my Wives evil Counsellors,——go, get you up both to your respective Chambers, go——[Ex. *both.*

Bal. Barring your Complyments, good Son, give me leave to speak.

Fran. *Shaw*, I know as well as your self what you wou'd say now; you wou'd assure me I am Sole Master of your house, and may command; that you are heartily glad to see me at *Cadez*, and that you desire I wou'd resolve upon a weeks stay, or so; that you'll spare nothing for my entertainment, why I know all this, and therefore pray take my word, good Father in-Law, without any more adoe.

Bal. Well Sir, pray answer me one Question, What drew you to *Cadez*?

Fran. Why, I'll tell you; in the first place, a Pox of all Lovers, I say; for my Daughter *Isabella* is to be married, as you know,

know, to *Antonio*, a young rich merchant of this Town; in the ſecond place, my Wife, with a Vengeance, muſt be gading to viſit you and her ſiſter, whom we heard was alſo to be married to the young Governor Don *Carlos*; 'tis ſhrewdly againſt my will, heav'n knows, for my witts are in an uprore already about this buſineſs——your Gallant's, Father, your young Gallant's,—— I wiſh my Wife were ſecure at home again.

Bal. Pray why ſo?

Fran. Alas, I ſee the Trick, Sir, a meer Trick put upon a man, a married man, and a married man to a hanſom young woman,—— you apprehend me.

Bal. Not I, Sir.

Fran. Not, you Sir; why look ye; your young Governor who now is, made moſt deſperate love to her who is now my Wife, d'ye mind me?——but you, being a man of an exact Judgment, to her great grief, gave her to me, who beſt deſerv'd her, both for my civil Behaviour, and Comly Perſonage, d'ye underſtand me? but now this *Carlos*, by his Fathers death being made Governor, d'ye ſee? is to marry your other Daughter *Clara*, and to exaſperate me, wou'd never let me be at quiet till he had got both of us hither to *Cadez*, to Grace his Wedding; a Pox of his Invitation, was I ſo civil to invite him to mine?

Bal. If this be your Affliction, you may avoyd it.

Fran. No, no, I'll try to force Nature a little, and be Civil, or ſo, but as ſoon as the Ceremony's over, I'll ſteal out of Town, whip a way, preſto, i'faith.

Bal. But ſh'oud you do ſo rude a thing to your new Brother, your Wife wou'd think you were jealous of her. No, diſſemble that Fault, I beſeech you, 'twill make you odious to her and all the world, when 'tis needleſs; 'tis naturall for women to hate what they fear.

Fran. Say you ſo, then I will hide it as much as I can in words, I can diſſemble too upon occaſion.

Bal. Let her remain awhile amongſt us.

Fran. The Devil a bit ſhee ſhall, good Father mine; no, no, I have more years than you, Sir Father, and underſtand what women are, eſpecially when married to ancient men, and have the Converſation of young men——whoſe Eyes like Baſilisks deſtroy Modeſty with looking on 'em; the very thought on't has rais'd a Bump in my forehead already.

Bal.

Bal. I am sorry you shou'd suspect my Daughter's Vertue.

Fran. May be you are, Sir, ——but youth you know——opportunity——occasion——or so——there are Winks, and Nods, and Signes, and Twires——and——well in short I am satisfi'd, and they that are not may go whistle, and so I'll to my Wife, whom I have left too long alone, evil thoughts will grow upon her ——Wife, Love ——Duckling—— [*Calls her.*

Enter Julia *and* Jacinta.

Bal. Wou'd I had never marryed her to this Sott.

Jul. Your pleasure, Sir.

Fran. Onely to see thee, Love.

Jul. I have a Sute to you.

Fran. What i'st, my Chicken.

Jul. I Wou'd go make a Visit to my Aunt, my sister *Clara's* there, and I'll go fetch her home.

Fran. Hum——perhaps the Governor's there too?

Jul. What if he be? we ought to make him a Visit too who so kindly sent for us to *Cadez.*

Fran. How! Make a Visit to the Governor? What have I to doe with the Governor, or what have you to doe with the Governor? you are no Souldier, Love! as for a Visit to your Aunt there's some reason in't, but for the Governor, think no more upon him, I say no more.

Jul. Since he's to marry my Sister, why shou'd you refuse him that Civility.

Fran. Your Sister, so much the worse.

Jul. So much the worse?

Fran. I, so much the worse, I tell you, for, mark me, you have been Lovers lately; and old storyes may arise that are not yet forgotten; and haveing under the Cloak of a Husband both Sisters at command, one for a Wife, t'other for a Mistress, hoyte toyte, there will be mad work i'faith; What a Mixture of Brother by the Fathers side, and Uncle by the Mothers side there will be; Aunt by the Mothers side, and Sister by the fathers side; a man may find as good kindred amongst a kenell of Beagles. —No, no, no Visits to the Governor, I beseech you, fair Madam.

Bal. So, you are at your jealousie again.

Fran. Come, come, I love plain dealing; besides, when she Nam'd the Governor, Flesh and Blood could not contain.

Jul.

Jul. I ſpoke in reference to his Quality.

Fran. A Pox of your Civility; I tell you, I ſcorn my Wife ſhould be Civil. Why, what a Coyle's here about a Governor? I'll ſtand to't, a man had better have a Mule to his Wife than a Woman, and 'twere eaſilyer govern'd.

Bal. But, hear reaſon, Son.

Fran. What, from a Woman, and a Wife? Lord, Lord, where are your Witts, good Father-i'-law? Why, what, a Devil, ſhall I be made ridiculous, a Coxcombe, Cuckold, to ſhow my Wife? No, no, there's no Neceſſity of your Civility, Miſtreſs; Leave that to me who underſtand the due Punctillio's of it.

Bal. Harkey Son, harkey!

Fran. Father mine, every man to his buſineſs, I ſay, therefore ſay no more of this; For I'll give my Mother's Soul to the Devil, when any Wife of mine ever makes a Viſit to the Governor; and there's an end on't. Was ever ſo horrid a Plot Contriv'd againſt her own Lawfull Husband? Viſit the Governor, with a Pox.

Bal, 'Tis an honour due to all men of his Rank.

Fran. I care not for that, my opinion is, my Wife's my ſlave, and let him keep his Rank to himſelf.

Enter Guzman. { Fran. *gets his Wife behind him, and fences her with his Cloke.*

Guz. He's here, and with his Wife; How ſhall I doe to deliver my Letter to her?——Sir, by the order of my Maſter, Don *Carlos*, the Governor, I am commanded to come hither, to the end that, going from hence, and returning to my Maſter, I may be able to inform him——

Fran.——That I am in health,——very well, I was afraid he wou'd have been harping upon my Wife in the firſt place—— the Devil take her, ſhe looks for't. [*Makes ſigns to have her gon.*

Guz. Farther, Sir, he kiſſes your hand, with a more than ordinary Friendſhip.

Fran. A Pox of his complyments,—— [*Aſide.*

Guz. But he charg'd me, Sir, moſt paſſionately to preſent his Service to your Lady.

Fran. Yes, yes; I thought as much.

Guz.——In a more particular manner.

Fran. Friend, my Wife, or Lady, has no need of his ſervice in a more particular manner, and ſo you may return it.

Jac. Indeed, but ſhe has great need of his ſervice in a very particular manner.

Guz. Sir, I ment no hurt, but 'tis all wayes the fashion of your true bred Courtier, to be more Ceremonious in his Civilities to Ladyes than Men;——and he desires to know how she does.

Fran. How strong this *Carlos* smells of the Devil—friend, tell your Master she's very well, but since she was Married she has forgot her Gentile Civility and good manners, and never returns any Complements to men.

Guz.—How shall I get it to her?—Sir, the Governor hopes he shall havethe Honour of entertaining you both at his house. He's impatient of your coming, and waits at home on purpose.

Fran. Friend, let your Master know we are here in very good quarters already, and he does us both too much Honour; and that if we have notice of the Wedding-day; and I have nothing else to doe, we'll Certainly wait on him, and the next morning we intend to take our leaves, which I send him word of beforehand to prevent surprise.

Guz. But Sir,—— } *Aproching him he puts his Wife further.*

Fran. Go, Sir, and deliver your message.

Guz. But I have order, Sir, ——

Fran. There's no such thing in this world.

Guz. I'm resolv'd to Teaze him, if I can do nothing else, in revenge;—But, Sir, he most earnestly desires to entertain your fair Lady in his own house,

Fran. Yes, yes; I know he does; But I'll give him to the Devil first. —Troth, Sir, this *Cadez* Aire does not agree with my fair Lady, she has ventur'd out but once, and has got an Ague already.

Guz. Agues, Sir, are kind diseases, they allow of Truces and Cessations.

Fran. No, no; She has no Cessation friend, her Ague takes her night and day, it shakes her most unmercyfully, and it shall shake her till the Wedding-day.

Guz. Were this Fellow to be try'd by a Jury of women, I would not be in's Coat to lye with his Lady.——What shall I doe to deliver this Letter,——Well Sir since I see you are so averse to what the Governor desires, I'll return—but, Sir, I must tell you, as a friend, a Secret; that to a man of your temper may concern you;——Sir,—he's— resolv'd when he Comes next to Visit his Mistress, to make another Visit to your Apartment, to your Lady too. } *Goes to Whisper him, and gives* Julia *the Letter over his Shoulder.*

Fran

Fran. Is he ſo, pray tell him he need not take that pains; there's no occaſion for't; beſides 'twill be but in vain; for the Doctors have preſcrib'd her Silence and Lonelyneſs,——'tis good againſt the Fit; How this damn'd Fellow of a Rival torments me; Honeſt Friend, adieu.

Guz. Now is this Fellow ſo affraid of being made a Cuckold that he fears his own ſhadow, and dares not go into his Wive's Chamber if the Son do but ſhine into the room.——[*Ex* Guz.

Fran. So, your *Mercury*'s gon; Lord, how, ſimply you look now, as if you knew nothing of the matter!

Jul. Matter, what matter, I heard the Civil Meſſage the Governor ſent, and the uncivil anſwer you return'd back.

Fran. Very good; Did that grieve your heart, alaſs what pitty 'twas, I carried you not in my hand, preſented you to him my ſelf, and beg'd him to favour me ſo much to do my office a little for me, or the like; hah.——

Jul. And there's need enough, and the truth were known.

Jac. Well ſaid, Madam.

Fran. Peace thou wicked Limbe of *Satan*——but for you, Gentle-Woman, ſince you are ſo tarmagant, that your own Natural Husband cannot pleaſe you; who though I ſay it am as quiet a Bed-fellow, and ſleep as ſweetly, for one of my years, as any in *Spain*——I'll keep you to hard meat i'faith.

Jul. I find no fault with your Sleeping, 'tis the beſt quality you have a-Bed.

Fran. Why, ſo then, is the Devil in an unmercyfull woman? Come come, 'tis a good Tenant that payes once a quarter.

Jac. Of an hour do ye mean Sir.——

Fran. Peace, I ſay,——thou damnable Tormentor, this is the Doctrine you preach to your Miſtreſs, but you ſhall do't in private, for I am reſolv'd to lock ye both up, and carry the keys in my Pocket.

Jul. Well, I'm a wicked Creature to teaze thee ſo, Dear; but I'll doe what thou wilt; Come, come, be friends, I Vow, I care not for the Governor, not I, no more then I do for my—— own ſoule.

Fran. Why ſo, this is ſomthing; Come, come your way's in,——who have we here a man, ad's my life away, away.

Jul. Yes, up to my Chamber, to write an anſwer to this dear Letter. [*Ex* Julia

Enter.

[*Enter* Isabella.

Fran. No, 'tis not a man, but my daughter *Isabella.*

Jac. Now will I stay, and set her on to teaze the Doatard, wou'd I cou'd teaze him to death, that my Mistress might be rid of him.

Fran. How now, what makes you look so Scurvily to day? Sure the Devil rides once a day through a woman, that she may be sure to be inspir'd with some Ill qualities———what wou'd you have now?

Isa. Somthing.

Fran. Somthing; what thing; have I not provided you a Husband whom you are to marry within a day or two?

Isa. There's a Husband indeed, pray keep him to your self, if you please; I'll marry none of him, I'll see him hang'd first.

Fran. Hay-day;—what is he not young and hansom enough forsooth?

Isa. Young and hansom; is there no more than that goes to the making up of a Husband?——Yes, there's Quality.

Fran. Quality;———Why, is he not one of the richest Merchants of his standing in all *Cadez*?

Isa. Merchant, a prety Character, a Woman of my Beauty, and 5. Thousand pound, marry a Merchant——a little, pety, dirty-heeld Merchant; faugh I'd rather live a Maid all dayes of my life, or be sent to a Nunnery, and that's Plague enough I'm sure.

Jac. Have a care of a Nunnery, least he take you at your word.

Isa. I wou'd not for the World, no, *Jacinta*, when ever thou seest me in Holy orders, the World will be at an end.

Fran. Merchant, why, What Husband do you expect!

Isa. A Cavalier at least, if not a Nobleman.

Fran. A Noble-man, marry come-up; your Father, Huswife, meaning my self, was a Leather-seller at first, till, growing rich, I set up for a Merchant, and left that Mechanick trade; and since turn'd Gentleman; and heav'n blest my endeavours so as I have an estate for a *Spanish* Grandee; and, Are you so proud, forsooth, that a Merchant wont down with you, but you must be gaping after a Cap and Feather, a silver Sword with a more dredfull Ribon at the hilt? Come, come, I fear me, Huswife, you are one that puffs her up with pride thus;—but lay thy hand upon thy Conscience now.—— [*To* Jacinta.

Jac.

Jac. Who, I Sir; No no, Sir, I am for Marrying her out of hand to any reasonable Husband, except a Merchant; for Maids will Long, and that's *Probatum est* against the pervailing Distemper of Longing; Hitherto I dare answer for her, but Batteries will be made, and I dare not be alwayes responsable for frail Mortality.

Fran. Well, I have provided her one that I like, but if she be so squemish, let her fast, with a Murrain to her.

Isa. Dear Father.

Fran. Dear me no Deares: Wou'd your old Mother were alive, she wou'd a Strapt your Iusticore, for puleing after Cavaliers and Noble-men, i'faith, that wou'd shee; A Citizen's Daughter and wou'd be a *Madona*, in good time.

Isa. Why, Father; the Gentry and Nobility now adayes frequently marry Citizen's Daughters.

Fran. Come, come, Mistress, I got by the City, and I love and honour the City; I confess 'tis the fashion now adayes, if a Citizen get but a little money, one goes to building houses, and brick walls; another must buy an Office for his Son; a third hoysts up his Daughter's Topsail, and flaunts it a way, much above her Breeding; and these things make so many break, and Cause the decay of Trading; but I'm for the honest *Dutch* way of breeding their Children, according to their Fathers Calling.

Isa. That's very hard, because you are a Laborious, Ill-bred Tradesman, I must be bound to be a mean Citizen's Wife.

Fran. Why, what are you better then I, forsooth, that you must be a Lady, and have your Peticoats lac'd four Storyes high; wear your false Towers, and Coole your self with your *Spanish* Fan? Come, come, Baggage, wear me your best Cloaths a Sundays, and brush 'em up a Munday Mornings, and follow your needle all the week after, that was your good old Mother's way, and your Grand-mother's before her; and as for the Husband, take no care about it, I have design'd it, *Antonio*, and *Antonio* you are like to wed, or beat the hoof, Gentle-woman, or turn poor *Clare*, and die a Begging-Nun, and there's an end on't——see where he comes——I'll leave you to ponder upon the business. [*Ex.* Francisco.

Enter Antonio. Isabella *weeps.*

Anto. what, in Tears, *Isabella*, what is't can force that tribute from your Eyes?

Isa. A Trifle, hardly worth the nameing, your self——

Anto. Do I, pray, for what sin of mine must your fair Eyes be punisht?

Isa. For the sin of your Odious Addresses to me, I have told you my mind often enough, methinks your Equals shou'd be fitter for you, and sute more with your Plebean Humour.

Anto. My Equals, 'Tis True, you 're fair, but if there be any inequality in our births, the advantage is on my side.

Isa. Sawcie Impertinent, you show your City breeding, you understand what's due to Ladys, you understand your Pen and Ink how to count your dirty money, trudg to and fro chaffering of base commodities, and cuzening those you deal with, till you sweat and stink again like an o're heated Cook; faugh, I smell him hither.

Anto. I must confess I'm not perfum'd as you are, to stifle Stinks you commonly have by Nature; but I have wholsom, clenly Linen on; and for my Habit, wore I but a Sword, I see no difference between your Don and me, onely, perhaps, he knows less how to use it.

Isa. Ah, Name not a Don, the very sound from the mouth of a little Cit is disagreeable——Bargain and Sale, Bills, Money, Traffick, Trade, are words become you better.

Jac. Well-said, use him scurvily, that Mrs. *Clara* may have him. [*Aside.*

Anto. The best of those you think I shou'd not name, dare hardly tell me this.

Isa. Good Lord, you think your self a very fine Fellow now, and finicall your self up to be thought so, but there's as much difference between a Citizen and a true bred Cavalier.——

Anto. As between you and a true bred Woman of Honour.

Isa. Oh, Sir, you rail, and you may, long enough, before you rail me out of my Opinion, whilest there are Dons with Coaches and fine Lackey's, and I have Youth and Beauty, with a Fortune able to merit one, so farewell Cit. [*Ex.* Isabella.

Anto. Farewell, proud Fool.

Jac. Sir, be this evening at the door, Dona *Clara* has something to say to you. *Anto.*

Anto. Bleſs thee for this Tidings, dear *Jacinta.* [*Ex.* Jacinta.
—I find let man be Brave, or good, or wiſe,
His Vertue gains no Smiels from Womens Eyes.
Tis the gay Fool alone that takes the Heart,
Foppery and Finery, ſtill guide the Dart. [*Ex.* Antonio.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Chamber.*

Enter Jacinta *with a Light, and* Julia.

Jac. WELL, Madam, have you writ to Don *Carlos*?

Jul. No, nor is it poſſible I ſhou'd, this Devil haunts me ſo from room to room, Like my evil *Genius* to prevent that good; oh, for an opportunity of one kind Minute, to return Acknowledgments for this kind Letter he has ſent me.

Jac. I'm glad you find me a Sybill; Madam, I ever proficy'd a happier end of that Amour than your ill fortune has hitherto promiſed,——but what ſaid the Lovely Cavalier?

Jul. All that a man inſpir'd with Love cou'd ſay, All that was ſoft and Charming.

Jac. Nay, I believe his Art.

Jul. Judge then what my Heart Feels, who, like a fire but lightly cover'd o're with the cold Aſhes of Deſpair, with the leaſt blaſt, breaks out into a flame; I burn, I burn, *Jacinta*, and onely Charming *Carlos* can alay my Pain——but how, Ay there's the queſtion?

Jac. Some way I will contrive to ſpeak with him, for he has loſt his old wont if he traverſe not the ſtreet where you live, but ſee Dona *Clara.*——— [*Enter* Clara.

Jul. Hah, my Siſter, whom yet my jealous heart can ſcarce be reconcil'd to; ſo deeply was my fear of Rivalſhip fixt there,—— ſo ſad, my Siſter, and ſo near the happy day with *Carlos*?

Cla. 'Tis pity ſhe that thinks it ſo, ſhou'd want him; the Bleſſing's thrown away on me, but we are both unhappy to be matcht

matcht to those we cannot love; *Carlos*, though young, gay, handsome, witty, rich; I hate as much as you the old *Francisco*; for since I cannot Marry my *Antonio*, both Youth and Beauty are but lost on me, And Age decrepid wou'd be equal torment.

Jul. Wou'd *Carlos* knew your heart, sure he'd decline, for he has too much Honor, to compell a Maid to yeild that loves him not.

Cla. 'Tis true, he is above me every way, and the Honor my Father thinks to do our Family by this Match, makes him resolve upon't; but I have given my Vows to young *Antonio*.

Jul. And young *Antonio* you are like to have, for any thing that *Carlos* cares; for know, to thy eternall joy, my *Clara*, he has but feign'd to thee, as much as thy *Antonio* to *Isabella*.

Cla. But are you sure of this?

Jul. Most certain, this Night if you can let *Antonio* see you, he'll tell you all the Cheat, and beg your Pardon.

Cla. Which he will soon obtain, and in return, what Service I can render him, in your behalf, he shall not want.

Jul. Antonio will engage you, they are friends.

Cla. You amaze me.

Jac. I have appointed him this night to wait, and, if possible, I wou'd get him a Minutes time with you.

Cla, Dear *Jacinta*, thou art the kindest Maid.———

Jac. Hang't, why shou'd we young Women pine and Languish for what our own Natural invention may procure us; let us three lay our heads together, and if *Machavil*, with all his Politicks, can out-witt us, 'tis pity but we all lead Apes in Hell, and dy'd without the *Jewish* blessing of consolation.

Jul. No more, here comes the Dragon.———

Enter Francisco.

Fran. So; together Consulting and Contriving.——

Jac. What, are you jealous of the Peticoat?

Fran. Peticoat, Come, come, Mistress *Pert*, I have known as Much danger hid under a Peticoat, as a Pair of Breeches. I have heard of two Women that Married each other——oh abominable, as if there were so Prodigious a Scarcity of Christian Man's Flesh.

Jac. No, the market's well enough stor'd, thanks be praised, might

might every woman be afforded a reaſonable Alowance.

Fran. Peace, I ſay, thou Imp of Lucifer; wou'd thou hadſt thy Bellyfull, that I might be fairly rid of thee—— go get you up to your Chamber, and, d'ye hear, ſtirr not from thence, on pain of our ſevere diſpleaſure, for I am ſent for in all haſte to ſignior Don *Sebaſtians*, 'tis but hard by, I ſhall ſoon return;—— what are you here——

Enter Iſabella.

I have had high commendations of your fine behaviour, Gentlewoman, to *Antonio*; his Father has ſent for me, and I ſhall know all anon, this ſhall but haſten your Wedding, Huſwife, I tell you that, and ſo Farewell to you,—— [*Ex.* Iſabella *Crying.*

Cla. Say you ſo, then tis time for me to look about me.

Jul. But will you go out ſo late Love! indeed, ſome hurt will come to thee.

Fran. No, look ye, I go Arm'd {*Shows his Girdle round with Piſtolls.*
Go get you to your Chambers. [*He goes out, they goe in.*

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Carlos, Antonio.

Car. I wonder where this man of mine ſhou'd be, whom I ſent this evening with my letter to *Julia*, {*Enter* Guzman, *runs againſt* Carlos.
what art thou?

Guz. My Lord, 'tis I, your truſty Trojan, *Guzman*,—— what makes you here, Sir, ſo near the dore of your Miſtreſs?

Car. To wait my doom; what Tidings haſt thou *Guzman*!

Guz. Why, Sir, I went as you directed me, to Don *Baltazer's*.

Car. And didſt thou deliver it?

Guz. And the firſt thing I mett with was old *Franciſco*.

Car. So.

Guz. To whom I civily adreſt my ſelf—told him, you preſented your Service to him,—ſent to know how his Lady and he did. Which word Lady I no ſooner nam'd, but I thought he wou'd have ſaluted me with a Cudgell,—— in fine, obſerving her behind him, whom he ſhelter'd all he cou'd with his Cloke, I, taking an occaſion to wiſper him, gave it her over his ſhoulder,

whilst she return'd some smiles and looks of joy,——but for an answer, 'twas impossible to get the least sign of one.

Car. No matter, that joy was evident, she wisht me one, and by the first opportunity my diligent waiting will be recompenc'd; but, where hast thou been all this while?

Guz. Finding out the Chimney-sweeper, you spoke of Sir, and whom you order'd me to bring this Evening.

Car. And hast thou found him?

Guz. He's here, at the corner of the Street, I'll call him.

[*Ex.* Guz.

Car. I have, *Antonio*, besides your particular Revenge, one of my own to Act by this deceit, since all my Industry to see the charming *Julia* has hitherto been vain, I have resolv'd upon a new project, if this False Count pass upon 'em, as I doubt not but he will, and that he gets admittance into the House, I'll pass for one of his Domestiques.

Enter Guzman *and* Guilion. { *Page holding his Lanthorn to his face.*

Guz. Here's the fellow, Sir.

Anto. Fellow, he may be the Devil's fellow by his countenance.

Car. Come nearer Friend; dost think thou canst manage a Plot well?

Guil. As any man in *Cadez*, Sir, with good instructions.

Car. That thou shalt have, thou art apprehensive.

Guil. So, so, I have a pretty memory for mischief.

Anto. Hast thou Assurance and Courage?

Guil. To kill the honestest man in *Spain*, if I be well paid.

Car. That thou shalt be.

Guil. I'll doe't, say no more, I'll doe't.

Car. But canst thou swear stoutly, & lye handsomly?

Guil. Prettily, by Nature Sir, but with good instructions I shall improve; I thank Heav'n I have Dossety, or so.

Car. Thou want'st not confidence.

Guil. No, nor impudence neither; how should a man live in this wicked world without that Talent.

Anto. Then know our Design is onely Comical, though if you manage not matters well, it may prove Tragical to you; in fine dost think thou canst personate a Lord?

Guil. A Lord, marry that's a hard question, but what sort of a Lord?

Car.

Car. Why any Lord.

Guil. That I cannot doe, but I can doe ſome ſort of a Lord, as ſome Lords are wiſer than other-ſome; there is your witty Lord,——— him I defie; your wiſe Lord, that is to ſay, your knaviſh Lord, him I renounce; then there's your Politique Lord, him I wou'd have hang'd; ——— then there's your fooliſh Lord, let him follow the Polititian; then there's your Brisk, Pert, Noyſey Lord, and ſuch a ſmall inſignificant Fiend I care not if I am poſſeſt with; I ſhall deal well enough with a Devil of his capacity.

Car. Very well, then there needs no more but that you go along with my man to my houſe, my authority ſhall ſecure you from all the injuries that ſhall accrue from a diſcovery, but I hope none will happen: Equipage, cloaths and money we'll furniſh you with,—go home with him, and dreſs, and practiſe the Don, till we come, who will give you ample inſtructions what to doe.

Guil. And if I do not fit you with a Don better than Don De'll, Phobos, or Don Quixote, let me be hang'd up for the Sign of the Black Boy on my own Poles at a *Spaniſh* Inn dore.

Anto. We'll be with you preſently.

Guil. And if you find me not en Cavalier, ſay Cloaths, Garniture, Points and Feathers have loſt their Power of making one. [*Ex.* Guz. *and* Page *and* Guil.

Enter, opening the Dore, Jacinta.

Car. Hah, the dore opens, and ſurely 'tis a Woman that advances, dear *Antonio*, wait a little farther; ——— who's there?

Jac. Hah, if it ſhou'd be old *Franciſco* now.

Car. Let it be who it will, I'll tell my name, it cannot injure either; ——— I'm *Carlos*, who are you?

Jac. A thing that looks for him you name—*Jacinta*;——are you alone?

Car. Never ſince *Julia* did poſſeſs my heart; what news my deareſt meſſenger of Love? what may I hope?———

Enter Julia.

Jul. All that the kindeſt Miſtreſs can beſtow,
If *Carlos* loves, and ſtill will keep his Vows.

Car. *Julia* my Life, my Soul, what happy Stars
Conſpir'd to give me this dear lucky minute?

Jul. Thoſe that conducted old *Franciſco* out,
And will too ſoon return him back again;
I dare not ſtay to hear thy love or chiding,
Both which have power to charm, ſince both proceed
From a kind heart, that's mine.
Car. Oh, take not this dear Body from my Arms,
For if you do, my Soul will follow it.
Jul. What wouldſt thou have me doe?
Car. Be wondrous kind, be laviſh of thy Heart,
Be generous in thy Love, and give me all.
Jul. Oh Heavens! what mean you? I ſhall dye with fear.
Car. Fear, let coward Lovers fear, who love by halves,
We that intirely Love are bold in paſſion,
Like Souldiers fir'd with glory dread no danger.
Jul. But ſhould we be unthrifty in our Loves,
And for one moment's joy give all away,
And be hereafter damn'd to pine at diſtance?
Car. Miſtaken Miſer, Love like Money put
Into good hands increaſes every day,
Still as you truſt me, ſtill the Summ amounts,
Put me not off with promiſe of to morrow,
To morrow will take care for new delights,
Why ſhou'd that rob us of a preſent one?
Jul. Ah *Carlos!*
How fondly do I liſten to thy words,
And fain would chide, and fain would boaſt my Vertue,
But mightier Love laughs at thoſe poor delays;
And I ſhould doubtleſs give you all your *Julia*,
Did not my fear prevent my kinder buſineſs;
——And ſhould *Franciſco* come and find me abſent,
Or take thee with me, we were loſt, my *Carlos*.
Car. When then, my *Julia* ſhall we meet again?
Jul. You *Spaniards* are a jealous Nation,
But in this *Engliſh Spaniard* old *Franciſco*,
That mad paſſion's doubled; wholly deprives him of his Senſe, and turnes his Nature Brute; wou'd he but truſt me onely with my Woman, I wou'd contrive ſome way to ſee my *Carlos*.
Car. 'Tis certain, *Julia*, that thou muſt be mine.
Jul. Or I muſt dye, my *Carlos*. [Anto. *liſtning advances.*
Anto. —— I'm ſure 'tis *Carlos*'s voice, and with a woman;

and

And though he be my Rival but in Jeſt,
I have a natural curioſity to ſee who 'tis he entertains.

Jul. Oh Heavens! Sir, here's *Franciſco*; ſtep aſide
Leaſt miſchief ſhou'd befall you. [*Runs in.*

Car. Now Love and wild deſire prompt me to kill this happy Rival, ———he's old, and can't be long in his arrears to Nature. ———What if I paid the debt? [*Draws half way.*
One ſingle puſh wou'd do't, and *Julia*'s mine; —— but hang't Adultery is a leſs ſin than Murther, and I will wait my Fortune———

Anto. Where are you,———Don *Carlos?*

Car. Who's there, *Antonio?* I took thee for my Rival, and ten to one but I had done thy buſineſs.

Anto. I heard ye talking, and believ'd you ſafe, and came in hopes to get a little time to ſpeak to *Clara* in;—— hah!—— *Jacinta*——

Jac. Who's there, *Antonio?* [*Peeping of out the dore.*

Anto. The ſame; may I not ſpeak with *Clara?*

Jac. Come in, ſhe's here.———

Car. And 'prethee, dear *Jacinta*, let me have one word with *Julia* more, ſhe need not fear ſurpriſe; juſt at the dore let me but kiſs her hand. [*Goes in.*

Jac. I'll ſee if I can bring her.——

Enter Franciſco.

Fran. A proud ungracious Flurt,——a Lord with a Pox, here's a fine buſineſs i'faith, that ſhe ſhould be her own Carver,——well I'll home, and thunder her together with a vengeance.

Car. Who's here? ſure this is he indeed; I'll ſtep aſide, leaſt my being ſeen give him an occaſion of jealouſie, and make him affront his Wife. [*Goes aſide as* Fran. *was going in.*

Enter Julia.

Fran. Hum, what have we here, a woman?

Jul. Heavens! what, not gone yet, my Dear?

Fran. So, ſo, 'tis my confounded wife, who expecting ſome body wou'd have me gone now.

Jul. Are you not ſatisfied with all I've ſaid,
With all the vows I've made,
Which here anew, in ſight of Heaven, I breath?

Fran. Yes, yes, you can promise fair, but hang him that trusts ye.

Jul. Go, go, and 'pray be satisfied of my eternal love.——

Fran. How fain she'd have me gone now; ah subtil Serpent, is not this plain demonstration,——I shall murther her, I find the Devil great with me. [*aside still.*

Jul. ——What is't thou pawsest on?

Fran. The wicked dissimulation of villainous woman. { *aloud*

Jul. Francisco. { *to her.*

Fran. Oh thou monster of Ingratitude, have I caught thee? You'd have me gone, wou'd ye? ay, to Heaven, I believe, like a wicked woman as you are, so you were rid of me. —— go, —— and be satisfied of my eternal love, —— ah, Gipsey,—— no, Gentlewoman, I am a tuff bit, and will hold you tugging till your heart ake.

Jul. Why, was there such hurt in desireing you to go, that you might make hast back again,——oh my fears!

Fran. That you might receive a lover,——'tis plain——and my indignation's high.——

Jul. Heav'n knows I meant——

Fran. Onely to Cuckold me a little,——get you in,——where I will swear thee by Bell, Book and Candle,——get you in, I say,——go, go,——I'll watch for your Lover, and tell him how unkind he was to stay so long, I will.——

{ *Ex.* Julia, *he stands just in*

{ *the dore*, Carlos *advances.*

Car. I hear no noise, sure 'twas he,——and he's gone in—— To reap those joys he knows not how to value, And I must languish for; I'll stay a little——perhaps *Jacinta* may return again, for any thing belonging to my *Julia* is dear, even to my Soul. [*Goes just to the dore*, Fran. *bolts out on him.*

Fran. who's there?——what wou'd you have?——who wou'd you speak to?——who do you come from?——and what's your business?

Car. Hah, 'tis the Sot himself;——my name is *Carlos.*

Fran. Carlos, what father of *Belzibub* sent him hither,——a plain case;——I'll murther her out of hand.

Car. ——And I wou'd speak to any body, Friend, that belongs to the fair *Clara*,——if you are any of this house.

Fran. Onely the Cuckold of the house, that's all;——my name

name, Sir, is *Franciſco*; but you, perhaps, are better acquainted with my Wife.

Car. Franciſco, let me imbrace you, my Noble Brother, And chide you, that you wou'd not Viſit me. {*Going to imbrace him, he flies off.*

Fran. And bring my Wife along with me.

Car. Both had been wellcome——and all I have, you ſhou'd Command.

Fran. For my Wife's ſake——what if I ſhou'd Piſtoll him now;——and I am damnably provokt to't, had I but Courage to ſhoot off one. [*aſide*

Car.——Methinks you make not ſo kind returns as my Friendſhip to you, and the Alliance ſhall be between us, deſerves.

Fran. I am ſomthing Ill-bred I confeſs, Sir;——'tis dark, and if I ſhou'd do't no body wou'd know 'twas I. [*aſide*

Car. I fear there's ſome miſunderſtanding between us, pray let us go in a while, I'll talk you from your error. {*Offers to goe, he gets between him and the dore.*

Fran. Between us, Sir, oh Lord, not in the leaſt, Sir, I love and Honour you, ſo heartily—I'd be content to give you to the Devil; but the noyſe of the Piſtoll wou'd diſcover the buſineſs. *aſide*

Car.——Come let's in, and talk a while.

Fran. I'm ſorry I cannot do't, Sir, we are ſomething incommoded being not at our own houſe.

Car. Brother, I am afraid you are a little inclin'd to be jealous, that will deſtroy all friendſhip.——

Fran. So, how finely the Devil begins to inſinuate?

Car.—that makes a Hell of the Heav'n of Love, and thoſe very pains you fear, are leſs tormenting than that fear; what ſay you, Brother, is't not ſo with you?

Fran.——I find you wou'd have me turn a Husband of the Mode, a fine convenient Tool, one of the Modern humour, a Civil perſon, that underſtands Reaſon, or ſo; and I doubt not but you wou'd be as Modiſh a Gallant.

Car. Ha, ha, ha.

Fran. What, doe you Laugh, Sir?

Car. Who can chuſe; to hear your ſuſpicions, your needleſs Fears. Come, come, truſt your Wives diſcretion, and Modeſty——and I doubt not but you will find your ſelf.——

Fran. ——In the Rode to Heaven, whither they ſay all Cuckolds goe——I thank you for your advice; I perceive you

you wou'd willingly help me onwards of my Journey.——

Car. I'm glad I know you, Sir,——farewell to you.——

[*Goes out.*

Fran. No matter for that, ſo you know not my Wife——and ſo, farewell to you, Sir, and, the Devil take all Cuckold-makers. [*Ex.*

SCENE *The inſide of the Houſe.*

Enter Clara, Julia, Antonio, Jacinta *running to 'em.*

Jac. He has ſeen Don *Carlos*, and they have been in great diſcourſe together, I cou'd not hear one word, but you'll have it at both ears anon, I'll warrant you.
Ha, he's coming.——

Enter Franciſco.

Cla. Heavens, he muſt not ſee you here.— [*To* Antonio.

Jac. Here, ſtep in to *Clara's* Bed-chamber.— [*He goes in.*

Fran. So, the Plot's at laſt diſcover'd,——he was a Cavalier of his Parole.

Jul. Who ſpeak you of?

Fran. Onely the Governour, the fine young Governour, I deliver'd him the meſſage, told him my mind, and the like.

Jul. So kind to viſit us, and have you ſent him away already?

Fran. Ah, Witch; already,——why, have I any lodging for him?

Jul. But I am glad you brought him not in, I being ſo unready.

Fran. But you are always ready for him, my dear victorious Man-ſlayer.

Jac. What means he, ſure he has a Gad-bee in his brain.

Fran. Satan's ſhee Advocate——peace I ſay;——ſo,——you look as innocently now, as a little Devil of two years old, I'll warrant;——come, come,——look me full in the face——thus,——turn your noſe juſt to mine——ſo——now tell me whoſe damnable Plot this was, to ſend your Gallant with his Eloquence, Querks and Conundrums, to tutour me into better manners?

Jul. Send him; I'll anſwer no ſuch idle queſtions.—

Fran. He has taken a world of pains about your particular Chapter,

Chapter, and no doubt but he preacht according to inſtructions;———what ſay you for your ſelf, that Judgment may not paſs?

Jul. I ſay, you're an old jealous Fool; have I ſeen Don *Carlos*, or heard from Don *Carlos*, or ſent to Don *Carlos*? here's a doe indeed.

Fran. What made you at the dore againſt my poſitive commands,——the very ſtreet dore,———in the night,———alone,———and undreſt,——— this is matter of Fact, Gentlewoman; you haſtned me away,———a plain caſe,———and preſently after Don *Carlos* comes to the dore,——— poſitive proof,——ſees me and falls right down upon my jealouſie,—clear conviction,———'twas pity but I had followed his counſel, yes, when the Devil turns ſtudent in Divinity;———but no matter, I'll ſee your back fairly turn'd upon this Town to morrow; I'll marry my Daughter in the morning to *Antonio*, and a fair wind or not, we'll home; the Gally lies ready in the Harbour——therefore prepare, pack up your tooles, for you are no woman of this world.

Anto. How? marry me to morrow to his daughter;———and carry his Wife from my friend; this misfortune muſt be prevented. [*Aſide peeping.*

Fran. And ſo, Miſtreſs, come your ways to your Chamber.

Jul. And ſtudy how to prevent this cruel ſeparation.

{*Aſide, goes out with him and* Jacinta.

Cla. Ah *Antonio*, I find by that ſad look of yours, you have over heard our haſty Doom.

Anto. I have, and am a little ſurpris'd at the ſuddainneſs of it; and I my ſelf am the unlucky occaſion of it,———to break it off; I told my father how ſcurvily *Iſabella* treated me,———he thereupon ſends for old *Franciſco*, tells him of my complaint, and inſtead of diſingaging my ſelf, I find my ſelf more undone.

Cla. What ſhall we doe? I'm ſure thou wilt not marry her, thou canſt not do't and hope to go to Heaven.

Anto. No, I have one prevention left, and if that fail, I'll utterly refuſe to marry her, a thing ſo vainly proud; no Laws of Nature or Religion, ſure, can bind me to ſay yes; and for my Fortune, 'tis my own, no Father can command it.

Cla. I know thou wilt be true, and I'll not doubt it.

Enter Jacinta.

Jac. Ah! Madam, the saddest news——

Cla. Hah! what?

Jac. Poor Gentle-man, I pity you of all things in the world, ——you must be forc'd——how can I utter it,——to the most lamentable torment that ever Lover endur'd——to remain all night in your Mistress's Chamber.

Anto. Alas, how shall I indure so great an affliction?

Cla. And I.

Jac. Ha, ha, ha, how I am griev'd to think on't; ha, ha, ha, that you shou'd both be so hardly put to't; ha, ha, ha, for the old Gentle-man has lockt all the dores, and took the keys to bed to him,———go get you in,———ha, ha, ha,———.

Anto. Oh, my dear *Clara*, this is a blessing, I cou'd not hope.

Cla. So large a freedom shall my Vertue prove,
I'll trust my Honour with *Antonio*'s Love. [*They go in.*

[*Ex.* Jacinta *langhing.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Don Carlos, *in his Night-gown*, Antonio *and* Guzman *with Cloaths.*

Car. ALL night with *Clara* say'st thou? that was lucky; but was she kind, my friend?

Anto. As I desir'd, or honour wou'd permit her;
Nor wou'd I press her farther.

Car. A very moderate Lover.

Anto. For some part of my Vertue, Sir, I owe to you, in midst of all my Love, even in the kindest moments of delight, my joys were broken by concern for you.
——*Julia* this day, or very suddainly, leaves *Cadez.*

Car.

Car. By Heaven, and ſo will *Carlos* then, for I'm ſo reſolutely bent to poſſeſs that dear creature,
That I will do't with hazard of my life,
Expence of Fortune, or what's dear to me.

Guz. And how wou'd you reward that politique head, that ſhou'd contrive the means to bring this hanſomly about; not for an hour, or a night, but even as long as you pleaſe, with freedom; without the danger of venturing your honourable neck, in ſhowing feats of activitie three ſtories high, with a Dagger in one hand and a Piſtol in t'other, like a Rope-dancer?

Car. But how? thou talkeſt of impoſſibilities.

Anto. Doſt think ſhe'll e'er conſent to quit her Husband?

Guz. No, Heaven forbid, I am too good a Chriſtian to part man and wife; but being naturally inclin'd to works of Charity, I will with one project I have in this noddle of mine,——make old *Franciſco* a Cuckold, accommodate my Lord and *Julia*, ſerve you, Sir,———and give our ſelves a good Scene of mirth.

Car. Thou amazeſt me.

Guz. If I doe't not, ſend me to the Galleys, nay, and ſo far cure the jealouſie of the old Fellow, that from a rigid ſuſpicious troubleſome Fool, he ſhall become ſo tame and gentle a Husband,——that he ſhall deſire you to favour him ſo much as to lie with his dear Wife.

Car. By what ſtrange Witchcraft ſhall this be brought to paſs?

Guz. E'n honeſt invention, Sir, good Faith, liſten and believe: ——When he goes, he certainly goes by Sea, to ſave the charges of Mules.

Anto. Right, I heard him ſay ſo; in the Galley that lies in the Port.

Guz. Good, there is a Galley alſo, in the Harbour, you lately took from the Turks; habits too were taken in her enough to furniſh out ſome forty or fifty as convenient *Turks* as a man wou'd wiſh at the Devil.

Car. Ah Rogue, I begin to apprehend already.

Guz. Our Turkiſh Galley thus man'd, I'll put to Sea, and about a League from Land, with a ſham-fight, ſet on that of old *Franciſco*, take it, make 'em all ſlaves, clap the old Fellow under hatches, and then you may deal with the fair ſlave his Wife, as *Adam* did with *Eve*.

Car. I'm raviſht with the thought.

Anto. But what will be the event of this?

Car. I will not look so far, but stop at the dear Joys, and Fear no Fate beyond 'em.

Guz. Nay, with a little Cudgelling this dull Brain of mine, I shall advance it Farther for the Jest sake;——as I take it, Seignior Don Antonio, you have a fine Villa, within a Bow shot of this City belonging to your self.

Anto. I have, with pleasant Gardens, Grotto's, Water-works.—

Car. A most admirable Scene for Love and our designs.

Anto. 'Tis yours, Sir.

Guz. Then, Sir, when we have taken this old Fool, on whom the grosest cheat wou'd pass, much more this, which shall carry so seeming a Truth in't, he being clapt under hatches in the Dark, we'll wind round a league or two at Sea, turn in, and Land at this Garden, Sir, of yours, which we'll pretend to be a *Seraglio* belonging to the *Grand Seignior*; whither, in this hot part o'th year, he goes to Regale himself with his She *Slaves*.

Car. But the Distance of Place and Time allow not such a Falacie.

Guz. Why, he never read in's life; knows neither Longitude nor Latitude, and *Constantinople* may be in the midst of *Spain* for any thing he knows; besides, his Fear will give him little Leasure for thinking.

Anto. But how shall we doe with the Seamen of this other Gally?

Guz. There's not above a Dozen, besides the Slaves that are chain'd to the Oar, and those Dozen, a Pistoll a piece wou'd not onely make 'em assist in the Design, but betray it in earnest to the *Grand Seignior*;——for them I'll undertake, the Master of it being *Pier de sola* your Fathers Old Servant, Sir. [*To Carlos.*

Anto. But possibly his mind may alter upon the Arrival of this false *Count* of ours?

Car. No matter, make sure of those Seamen however; that they may be ready upon occasion.

Anto. 'Tis high time for me, that your *Count* were arriv'd, for this Morning is destin'd the last of my Liberty.

Car. This Morning—Come haste and dress me—[*To* Guzman. ——Guzman, where's our *Count*?

Enter

Enter Guilion *dreſt fine, two great Pages and a little one following.*

Guz. Coming to give you the good Morrow, Sir. And ſhew you how well he looks the Part.

Car. Good day to your Lordſhip—— [*Bowing.*

Guil. Morrow, morrow friend.

Anto. My Lord, your moſt humble ſervant.

Guil. Thank you friend, thank you; Page, Boy——what'ſt a Clock Sirrah?

Pag. About Eight, my Lord.

Anto. Your Lordſhip's early up?

Guil. My ſtomach was up before me, friend; and I'm damnable hungry; 'tis ſtrange how a man's Appetite increaſes with his Greatneſs; I'll ſwinge it away now I'm a Lord,—then I will wench without mercy; I'm Reſolv'd to ſpare neither man, Woman, nor Child, not I; hey Rogues, Raſcalls, Boys, my Breakfaſt, quickly Dogs—let me ſee what ſhall I have now that's Rare?

Pag. What will your Honour pleaſe to have?

Guil. A ſmall raſher of delicate Bacon, Sirrah—of about a Pound, or two, with a ſmall Morcel of bread——round the Loaf, d'ye hear, quickly Slaves.

Anto. That's groſe meat, Sir, a pair of Quails—or—

Guil. I thank you for that i'faith, take your Don again, an you, pleaſe, I'll not be ſtarv'd for nere a Don in Chriſtiandom.

Anto. But you muſt ſtudy to refine your manners a little.

Guil. Manners, you ſhall pardon me for that, as if a Lord had not more privilege to be more ſawcy, more rude, impertinent, ſlovenly and fooliſh than the reſt of his Neighbours, or man-kind.

Car. Ay, ay 'tis great.

Guil. Your ſawcy Rudeneſs, in a *Grandee*, is Freedom; your Impertinence, Wit; your Sloven, Careleſs; and your Fool, good Natur'd, at leaſt they ſhall paſs ſo in me, I'll warrant yee.

Car. Well, you have your full inſtructions; your Baggage, Bills and Letters, from *Octavio* the Sivilian Merchant.

Guz. All, all, Sir, are ready, and his Lordſhip's breakfaſt waits.

Car. Which ended, we advance,

Just, when *Aurora* rose from *Thetis* Bed,
Where he had wanton'd a short Summer's night,
Harnest his bright hoov'd Horses to begin
His Gilded Course about the Firmament,
Out sallyed Don *Guilelmo Roderigo de Chimeny swiperio*, and so forth. Gad this Adventure of ours will be worthy to be sung in Heroick Rhime Dogerell; before we have finnisht it; Come—— [*Goes out.*

Guil. Hey Rogues, Rascalls, Boys, follow me just behind. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Clara *and* Jacinta.

Jac. Nay I knew he wou'd be Civil, Madam, or I wou'd have born you company, but neither my Mistress nor I, Cou'd sleep one wink all night, for fear of a Discovery in the Morning, and, to save the poor Gentleman a tumbling Cast from the window, my Mistress, just at day break, fain'd her self wondrous sick, —I was call'd, desir'd to goe to Seignior *Spadillio's* the Apothecary's, at Next door, for a Cordial; and so he slipt out;—but the Story of this False Count pleases me extreamly, and, if it shou'd take, Lord, what mirth we shall have. Ha, ha, ha, I can't forbear with the thoughts on't.

Cla. And to see the Governor his man?

Jac. Ah, what a Jest will that be too,——Ha ha ha; but here Comes *Isabella*; lets puff up her Pride with Flatteries on her Beauty——

Enter Isabella *looking in a Glass, and setting her Face.*

Isa. Ah, Heavens, those Eyes,—that Look;——that pretty Lear,——that my Father shou'd be so Doting an old Fool, to think these Beauties fit for a little Merchandize, —a Marchioness wou'd so much better become me. [*Looks again.*
——ah what a smile's there—and then that scornfull look—tis great—heav'ns who's here?—— [*Sees them.*

Cla. Onely those Friends that wish you better Fortune than this day promises.

Jac.

Jac. Look on that Face; Are there not lines that foretell a world of greatneſs, and promiſe much Honour?

Cla. Her Face, her Shape, her Mien, her every Part, declares her Lady——or ſomething more.——

Iſa. Why ſo, and yet this little creature of a Father, ridiculous and unambitious, wou'd ſpoile this Lady, to make up a ſimple Citizen's Wife——in good time.

Jac. That very look had ſome preſageing Grandure.

Iſa. Do you think ſo, *Jacinta*, Ha, ha, ha.——

Jac. That laugh again, oh heav'ns, how it Charmes?

Cla. Ah how Gracefull 'tis.

Jac. Ah, nothing but a great Gilt Coach will become it.

Cla.——With Six *Spaniſh* Mares.——

Jac.——And embroider'd Trapings.——

Cla.——With four Lackeys.

Jac.——And a Page at the taile on't.

Cla. She's evidently deſign'd for a Perſon of quality.

Iſa. Beſides I have ſo Natural an inclination for a Don, that if my Father do force me to marry this ſmall Creature of a Merchant, I ſhall make an intreague with ſome body of quality.

Cla. Cou'd you but manage it well and keep it from *Antonio.*

Iſa. Keep it from *Antonio*,——is it think you for a little, ſilly *Cit*, to complain when a Don does him the Honour to Viſit his Lady! Marry that were pretty.

Enter Franciſco, *and* Lopez.

Fran. How, a Count, to ſpeak with me; With me, I ſay,——here at *Cadez*?

Lop. A Count, Sir, and to ſpeak with you.

Fran. Art ſure 'tis not the Governour?——I'll goe lock up my Wife.

Lop. Governour, Sir, No, no, 'tis a mear ſtranger, Sir, a rare Count whom I never ſaw all dayes of my life before.

Fran. And, with me, wou'd he ſpeak? I hope he comes not to my Wife.

Enter

Enter Julia.

Jul. Oh Husband, the delicateſt fine Perſon of Quality, juſt alighted at the door, Husband.

Fran. What, have you ſeen him then, the Devil's in theſe Women, and there be but a loop hole to peep out off they'll ſpy a man, ——I'm reſolv'd to ſee this thing.—goe, retire you women, here's men coming up.

Iſa. And will men eat us?

Fran. No, but they may doe worſe, they may look on ye, and Looking breeds Likeing; and Likeing, Love; and Love, a damn'd thing, call'd Deſire; and Deſire begets the Devil and all of Miſchief to young wenches.—Get ye gon in, I ſay,—here's a Lord coming—and Lords are plaguie things to women.

Iſa. How, a Lord! oh, heav'ns! *Jacinta*, my Fan, and ſet my Hair in order, Oh the Gods! I wou'd not but ſee a Lord for all the world! how my Heart beats already ——keep your Diſtance behind, *Jacinta*,——Bleſs me, how I tremble,—— a little farther, *Jacinta*.

Fran. Come, come Huſewife, you ſhall be Marry'd anon, and then let your Husband have the Plague of you——but for my Gentlewoman,———Oh Lord——they're here.

Enter Guilion, Carlos *and* Pages, *&c.*

Guil. How now, Fellow, where's this old Don *Franciſco*?

Fran. I'm the Perſon, Sir?

Iſa. Heav'ns, what an Ayr he has?

Guil. Art thou he? Old Lad, how doſt thou doe? Hah!

Fran. I don't know.

Guil. Thou knoweſt me not it ſeems, old Fellow, hah!

Fran. Know you—no, nor deſire to doe,———on what acquaintance pray?

Guil. By Inſtinct, ſuch as you ought to know a Perſon of Quality, and pay your Civilities naturally; in *France*, where I have travell'd, ſo much good Manners is us'd, your Cittizen puls off his hat, thus —to every Horſe of quality, and every Coach of quality; and doe you pay my proper Perſon, no more reſpect hah!

Iſa. What a diſhonour's this, to me, to have ſo Dull a Father, that needs to be inſtructed in his Duty.

Guil.

Guil. But, Sir, to open the eyes of your underſtanding—— here's a Letter to you, from your Correſpondant a Merchant of *Sivil.*

{ *Gives him a dirty Letter, which he wipes on his Cloak. and reads, and begins to pull off his hat, and reading on bows lower and lower till he have finisht it.*

Fran. Cry Mercy, my Lord, and yet I wou'd he were a thouſand Leagues off.

Guil. I have bills of Exchange too, directed to thee, old Fellow, at *Sivil*; but, finding thee not there, and, I (as moſt perſons of my Quality are) being ſomething idle, and never out of my way, came to this Town, to ſeek thee, Fellow,——being recommended as thou ſeeſt here, old Vermin, ——here.— [*Gives him Bills.*

Iſa. Ah what a gracefull Mien he has? how fine his converſation? ah, the difference between him and a filthy Citizen.

Jul. —*Clara* has told me all.—— Jac. *whiſpering to* Jul.

Car. That's ſhe in the middle; ſtand looking on her languiſhingly,——your head a little a one ſide,——ſo,——fold your arms,——good,—now and then heave your breaſt with a ſigh,—moſt excellent.— [*He groans.*

Fran. Bills for ſo many thouſands.

Jac. He has you in his eye already.—

Iſa. Ah, *Jacinta* thou flattereſt me.

Jac. Return him ſome kind looks in pity.

[*She ſets her eyes and bows*, &c.

Car. That other's my Miſtreſs,—cou'd'ſt thou but keep this old Fellow in diſcourſe whilſt I give her the ſign to retire a little.—

Guil. I'll warrant you I'll banter him till you have Cuckold him, If you manage matters as well as I.

Fran. My Lord, I ask your párdon for my rudeneſs in not knowing you before, which I ought to have done in good manners, I confeſs;—who the Devil does he ſtare at ſo?—Wife, I command you to withdraw, upon pain of our high diſpleaſure. —my Lord, I ſhall diſpatch your affairs,——he minds me not, ——Ay,——'tis my Wife,——I ſay, Minion, begon,——your Bills, my Lord, are good, and I accept 'em;——why, what a Devil he minds me not yet,——and though I am not at my proper home,——I am where I can command Money,——hum,——ſure 'tis my daughter,——Ay, ay,——'tis ſo, how if he ſhou'd be ſmit-

{ Julia *goes to t'other ſide to* Carlos.

ten now; the plaguie jade had ſure the ſpirit of Propheſie in her; 'tis ſo,——'tis ſhe,——my Lord.——

Guil. Prethee, old Fellow, peace,——I am in Love.——

Fran. In Love,—what, ſhall I be the Father of a Lord, wou'd it become me, think ye? —he's mighty full of Cogitabund;—my Lord,——my Lord,——ſure his Soul has left the Tenement of his Body,——I have his Bills here, and care not if it never return more. [*Looks over the Bills.*

Car. Dear *Julia*, let's retire, our time's but ſhort.

Jul. I dare not with you, the venture wou'd be too bold in a young beginner in the Thefts of Love.

Guil. ——Her Eyes are Suns, by *Jove*.——

Car. Oh, nothing is ſo ventrous as Love, if it be true.

Guil. ——Or elſe, two Morning Stars,
All other Beauties are but Soot to her.

Jul. But ſhou'd my husband——

Car. He's ſafe for one dear half hour, I'll warrant you, come.

Fran. Um ——my Wife here ſtill,—muſt I begin to thunder?——

Jul. Lord, and you be ſo froward, I'll be gone.——

Car. So, her Husband kind heart leſt ſhe ſhould be cruel, has himſelf given me the dear opportunity.— [*Aſide.*
—Be ſure you keep the old Fellow in diſcourſe a while.

Guil. Be you as ſure to Cuckold him.— [*Ex.* Car. *and* Jul.
—Old Fellow,—prethee what perſon of quality's that?

Fran. Perſon of quality,—alas, my Lord, 'tis a ſilly Citizen's daughter.

Guil. A Citizen's; what clod of earth cou'd bring forth ſuch a Beauty?

Fran. Alas, my Lord, I am that clod of Earth, and to Earth if you call it ſo, ſhe muſt return again, for ſhe's to be married to a Citizen this Morning.

Guil. Oh! I am doubly wounded, firſt with her harmonious eyes,
Who've fir'd my heart to that degree,
No Chimney ever burnt like me.
Fair Lady,——ſuffer the Broom of my Affection to ſweep all other Lovers from your heart.

Iſa. Ah, my Lord, name it not, I'm this day to be married.

Guil. To day;——name me the Man, Man, did I ſay, the Monſter that dares lay claim to her, I dain to love,———none

anſwer

anſwer me,——I'll make him ſmoak by *Vulcan*———and all the reſt of the Goddeſſes.

Fran. Bleſs me, what a furious thing this Love is?

Guil. By this bright ſword, that is ſo us'd to ſlaughter, [*Draws.* he dies; old Fellow, ſay———the Poltroons name.

Fran. Oh fearful———alas, dread Sir!———

Iſa. Ah! ſheath your Sword, and calm your generous Rage.

Guil. I cannot brook a Rival in my Love, the ruſtling Pole of my affection is too ſtrong to be reſiſted.—— (*Runs raging up and down the Stage with his Sword in his hand.*

Iſa. I cannot think, my Lord, ſo mean a Beauty, can ſo ſuddenly charm a heart ſo great as yours.

Guil. Oh! you're miſtaken, as ſoon as I caſt my eyes upon the full moon of your countenance, I was ſtruck blind and dumb.——

Fran. Ay, and deaf too, I'll be ſworn, he cou'd neither hear, ſee nor underſtand; this Love's a miraculous thing.

Guil. And that minute, the moſt renoun'd Don *Guilelmo Roderigo de Chimeny-ſwiperio*, became your Galley ſlave,——I ſay no more, but that I do Love,——and I will Love, and that if you are but half ſo willing as I, I will dub you, Vicounteſs *de Chimeny Swiperio.*

Iſa. I am in Heaven, ah! I dye, *Jacinta.*
How can I credit this, that am ſo much unworthy?

Guil. I'll doe't, ſay no more, I'll doe't.

Fran. Doe't, but my Lord, how, and with what face can I put off Signior *Antonio*, hum?

Guil. Antonio,——hay, Pages, give order that *Antonio* be inſtantly run through the Lunges——d'ye hear?

Fran. Oh, hold, hold, my Lord! run through the Lunges,

Page. It ſhall be done, my Lord, but, what *Antonio*?

Guil. Why any *Antonio*; all the *Antonio's* that you find in *Cadez.*

Fran. Oh, what bloody minded Monſters theſe Lords are!———But, my Lord, I'll ne'r give you the trouble of killing him, I'll put him off with a handſome compliment; as thus,——Why, look ye, Friend *Antonio*, the buſineſs is this, my Daughter *Iſabella* may marry a Lord, and you may go fiddle.——

Guil. Ay, that's civil,———and if he do not deſiſt, I'll unpeople *Spain* but I'll kill him; for, Madam, I'll tell you what happened to me in the Court of *France*----there was a Lady in

the Court in love with me,——she took a liking to my Person which,——I think,——you will confess.——

Isa. To be the most accomplisht in the World.

Guil. ——I had some sixscore Rivals, they all took snuff; that is, were angry,——at which I smil'd;——they were incensed, at which I laught, ha, ha, ha,——i'faith; they rag'd, I—— when I met 'em,——Cockt, thus——*en passant*——justled 'em——thus,—— [*Overthrows* Fran.

They turn'd and frown'd,——thus,—I—drew.——

Fran. What, on all the sixscore, my Lord?

Guil. All, all; sa sa, quoth I, sa sa sa, sa sa sa.

[*Fences him round the Stage.*

Fran. Hold, hold, my Lord, I am none of the sixscore.

Guil. ——and run 'em all through the body——

Fran. Oh Heavens! and kild 'em all.

Guil. Not a man,——onely run 'em through the Body a little, that's all; my two boys were by, my Pages here.

Isa. Is it the fashion, Sir, to be attended by Pages so big?

Guil. Pages of honour always;—— these were stinted at nurse, or they had been good proper fellows.

Fran. I am so frighted with this relation, that I must up to my Wifes Chamber for a little of that strong Cordial that recover'd her this morning.—— [*Going out* Guil. *stays him.*

Guil. Why, I'll tell you, Sir, what an odd sort of a wound I received in a duel the other day,——nay, Ladies, I'll show it you; in a very odd place—in my back parts.

{*Goes to untuck his breeches,*
{*the Ladies squeak.*

Isa. Ah!

Pag. Show a wound behind, Sir, the Ladies will think you are a Coward.

Guil. Peace Child, peace, the Ladies understand Dueling as little as my self;——but, since you are so tender-hearted, Ladies, I'll not show my wound; but faith, it spoil'd my dancing.

[*Page comes in.*

Page, My Lord, now you talk of dancing, here's your baggage brought from a-board the Gally by your Sea-men, who us'd to entertain you with their rustick sports.

Guil. Very well; Sir, with your permission, I am resolv'd whether you will, or no, to give the Ladies some divertisement,

——bid

——bid 'em come in; nay, Sir, you ſtirr not, [*Ex.* Page.
'Tis for your delight, Sir, I doe't; for, Sir, you muſt underſtand, a man, if he have any thing in him, Sir, of Honour, for the caſe, Sir, lies thus, 'tis not the buſineſs of an Army to droll upon an Enemy,—truth is, every man loves a whole skin;—— but, 'twas the fault of the beſt States-man in Chriſtendome to be looſe in the hilts;——you conceive me.

Fran. Very well, my Lord, I'll ſwear he's a rare ſpoken man; — why, what a Son-in-law ſhall I have? I have a little buſineſs my Lord, but I'll wait on you preſently. [*Going out.*

Guil. ——Sir, there is nothing like your true Jeſt, a thing once well done, is twice done, and I am the happieſt man in the World in your alliance;——for, Sir, a Noble-man if he have any tollerable parts, —— is a thing above the Vulgar; — oh, —here come the Dancers;

Enter Dancers.

Come, ſit down by me.

Fran. 'Tis my duty to ſtand, my Lord.

Guil. Nay, you ſhall ſit.—— [*They dance with* Don.

Enter Antonio.

Anto. Good day, Sir, I hope you will not chide my tardineſs, I have a little overſlept my ſelf, and am aſham'd to ſee my lovely Bride, and all this worthy company attend;
——But you, fair Creature.—— [*To* Iſabella

Iſa. No marrying to day, Sir.

Fran. No, Sir, no marrying to day.——

Anto. How, do I dream, or hear this from *Franciſco*?

Guil. How now, Fellow, what art thou?

Anto. The Husband of that proud diſdainfull Woman.

Guil. Another word like that,——and thou art——

Anto. ——What, Sir?——

Fran. ——Oh, hold, hold, my Lord! *Antonio*, I muſt tell you, you're uncivil.

Guil. Doſt know, dull Mortal, that I am a Lord,
And *Iſabella* my adopted Lady?

Anto. I beg your pardon, Sir, if it be ſo, poor Mortals can but grieve in ſilence.

Guil. Alas poor Mortal!

Anto. But, for you, *Franciſco.*

Fran. Ah, dear *Antonio*, I vow and ſwear I cannot chuſe but weep to loſe thee; but my Daughter was born for a Lady and none can help their deſtinie.

Anto. And is it poſſible thou canſt uſe me thus? [*To* Iſa.

Iſa. Take away that little Fellow, in pity of your life, I dain to bid you withdraw and be ſafe.

Guil. D'ye hear, hah?——this Lady has beg'd your life.

Anto. Beg'd my life.

Guil. Vile wretch, dareſt thou retort?

[*Draws, the Women hold him.*

Fran. Oh! hold, hold my noble ſon-in-law, he ſhall doe any thing;——dear *Antonio*, conſider,——I was never Father to a Lord all daies of my life before:——my Lord, be pacified, my Daughter ſhall be a Lady.——

Iſa. For my ſake, ſpare him, and be Friends with him, as far as you may dain to be with a little Citizen.

Guil. Fellow, I forgive thee,—— here's my hand to kiſs in ſign and token I am appeas'd

[*Gives him his hand to kiſs, 'tis all black.*

Anto. A Pox of his honourable hand, 't had like to have ſpoil'd all,——well,——ſince it muſt be ſo,——I am content——

Guil. So, now peace is concluded on, on all ſides, what ſhall we do to day beſides eating and drinking in abundance; for to morrow I ſhall get my ſelf in order for my marriage?

Cla. What thinks your Honour of taking the air upon the Sea, in a Gally, a League or two?

Guil. With Fiddles, Drums and Trumpets, Weſt-Phalia hams and Pigeons and the like: Hey Rogues, Scoundrels, Dogs.

Iſa. Ah, how fine is every action of a great man!

Guil. Command a Gally to attend us preſently,
——you ſhall along, old Boy. [*To* Fran.

Fran. Alas, I muſt ſtay at home with my Wife, my Lord.

Guil. A Wife! have I a Mother-in-law too?——ſhe muſt along with us, and take a friſk,——no denial:

Enter Carlos.

——Oh, are you come? [*Aſide.*

Car. Yes and thank thee for the beſt moment of my life:——haſt thou contriv'd the Voyage then?

Guil.

Guil. Take no care——come haſte on board——our honour will not loſe the Freſco of the morning,——Follow me--Pages.

Pag. At your heels, my Lord,—— [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter, as aboard the Ship, Guilion, Iſabella, Franciſco, Julia, Antonio, Clara, Jacinta, Pedro *and his Wife, Pages.*

Guil. LAdyes and Gentlemen, you are wellcome aboard,—— Come, put off to ſea, Rogues, Scoundrells, Tarpaulins, to your buſineſs, and then, every man his Bottle,——hey Page, Rogues, where are my men? Come, ſpread the Table ——for we are very hungry.

Iſa. Heav'ns, what a peculiar Grace there is in every word that comes from the Mouth of a Cavalier!

Guil. By *Mars*, the God of Love!

Pag. By *Cupid*, Sir. [*Aſide to him.*

Guil. Cupid, Sirrah, I ſay, I'll have it *Mars*, there's more Thunder in the ſound! I ſay, by *Mars*, theſe Gallies are pretty neat convenient Teniments——but a——I ſee ne'r a Chimney in 'em;——Pox on't, what have I to doe with a Chimney now?

Iſa. He is a delicate, fine perſon, *Jacinta*, but, methinks, he does not make Love enough to me.

Jac. Oh, Madam, Perſons of his Quality never make Love in words, the greatneſs of their Actions ſhow their Paſſion.

Iſa. Ay, tis true all the little Fellows talk of love.

Guil. Come, Ladyes, ſet; Come *Iſabella*, you are Melancholy,——*Page*——Fill my Lady a Beer-glaſs.

Iſa. Ah, Heav'ns, a Beer-glaſs.

Guil. O your Vicounteſs never drinks under your Beer-glaſs, your Citizens Wives ſimper and ſip, and will be drunk without doing Credit to the Treater; but in their Cloſets, they ſwinge

ſwinge it away, whole Slaſhes i'faith, and egad, when a woman drinks by her ſelf, Glaſſes Come thick about? your Gentlewoman, or your little Lady, drinks half way, and thinks in point of good manners, ſhe muſt leave ſome at the bottom, but your true-bred Woman of Honour drinks all, *Supernaculum*, by *Jove*.

Iſa. What a misfortune it was, that I ſhou'd not know this before, but ſhou'd diſcover my want of ſo neceſſary a piece of grandure.

Jac. And nothing, but being Fudled, will redeem her Credit.

Guil. Come—fall to, old Boy,—thou art not merry; what have we none that can give us a ſong?

Anto. Oh, Sir, we have an Artiſt aboard I'll aſſure you; Seignior *Caſhier*, ſhall I beg the favour of you to ſhow your Skill?

Pet. Sir, my Wife and I'm at your ſervice.

Guil. Friend, what Language can you Sing?

Pet. Oh, Sir, your Singers ſpeak all Languages.

Guil. Sayſt thou ſo, prethee then let's have a touch of Heathen *Greek*.

Pet. That you ſhall, Sir, Sol la me fa ſol, &c.

Fran. Hum, I think this is indeed Heathen *Greek*. I'm ſure 'tis ſo to me.

Guil. Ay, that may be, but I underſtand every word on't.

Fran. Good lack, theſe Lords are very Learned men.

Pet. Now, Sir, you ſhall hear one of an other Language from my Wife and I. [*Sing a Dialogue in* French.

Enter the Captain.

Cap. Well Gentlemen though the news be ſomthing unpleaſant that I bring, yet to Noble minds 'tis ſport and paſtime.

Guil. Hah Fellow! Whats that, *thats ſport and paſtime to* Noble *minds*?

Fran. Oh Lord, no goodneſs I'll warrant.

Capt. But, Gentlemen, pluck up your ſpirits, be bold and reſolute.

Fran. Oh Lord, bold and reſolute, why what's the matter, *Captain*?

Capt. You are old, *Seignior*, and we expect no good from you but prayers to Heav'n?

Fran.

Fran. Oh Lord, Prayers to Heav'n! Why I hope, Captain, we have no need to think of Heav'n.

Capt. At your own Peril be it then, *Seignior*, for the *Turks* are coming upon us.

Fran. Oh Lord, *Turks*, *Turks*!

Guil. *Turks*, oh, is that all? [*Falls to eating.*

Fran. All——why they'll make Eunuchs of us, my Lord, Eunuchs of us poor men, and ly with all our Wives!

Guil. Shaw, that's nothing, 'tis good for the Voice,——how ſweetly we ſhall ſing, ta, la, ta la la, ta la, &c.

Fran. Ay, 'twill make you ſing another note, I'll warrant you.

Enter a Seaman.

Sea. For Heav'ns ſake, Sirs, doe not ſtand Idle here; Gentlemen, if you wou'd ſave your lives,——draw, and defend 'em. [*Ex.*

Fran. Draw, I never drew any thing in my life, but my Purſe, and that moſt damnably againſt my will; oh, what ſhall I doe?

Enter Captain.

Cap. Ah, my Lord, they bear up briskly to us, with a Freſh Gale and full Sails.

Fran. Oh, dear Captain, let's tack-about and goe home again.

Cap. 'Tis impoſſible to ſcape, we muſt fight it out.

Fran. Fight it out, oh I'm not able to indure it,——why, what the Devil made me a ſhip-board? [*Ex.* Captain.

Guil. Why, where be theſe *Turks*! Set me to 'em, I'll make 'em ſmoke, dogs, to dare attack a man of Quality.

Iſa. Oh, the inſolence of theſe *Turks*? do they know who's Aboard? For Heav'ns ſake, my Lord, do not expoſe your Noble Perſon.

Guil. What, not fight!—Not fight! A Lord, and not fight? Shall I ſubmit to Fetters, and ſee my Miſtreſs raviſht by any great *Turk* in Chriſtiandom, and not fight?

Iſa. I'd rather be raviſht a thouſand times, then you ſhou'd Venture your Perſon. [*Seamen ſhout within.*

Fran. Ay I dare ſwear.

Enter Seamen.

Sea. Ah, Sirs, what mean you, come on the Deck for ſhame.

Anto. My Lord, let us not tamely fall, there's danger near.

[*Draws.*

Guil. Ay, Ay, there's never ſmoake but there's ſome fire—come let's away—ta la, tan ta la, la la, &c. [*Draws.*

[*Ex. ſinging, and* Antonio, *and* Pet.

Fran. A Pox of all Lords, I ſay, you muſt be Janting in the Devils-name, and Gods dry Ground wou'd not ſerve your turn, [*Shoot here.*

Oh how they Thunder! What ſhall I do——oh for ſome Auger hole to thruſt my Head into, for I could never indure the Noiſe of Cannons,——oh 'tis inſupportable,——intollerable—and not to be indur'd. [*Runing as mad about the ſtage.*

Iſa. Dear Father, be not ſo frighted! [*Weeps.*

Fran. Ah, Crocodile, wou'd thou hadſt wept thy Eyes out long a goe, that thou hadſt never ſeen this Count; then he had never lov'd thee, and then we had never been invited a ſhip-board. [*A noiſe of fighting.*

Enter Guilion, Pet. *and* Antonio. *Driven in fighting by* Guzman *and other* Turks.

Anto. Ah, Sir, the *Turks* have boarded us, we're loſt we're loſt.

Fran. Oh, I am ſlain, I'm ſlain. [*Falls down.*

Guil. Hold,——hold, I ſay, you are now in the preſence of Ladies, and 'tis uncivil to fight before Ladies.

Guz. Yield then, you are our ſlaves.

Guil. Slaves, no Sir, we're ſlaves to none [*Offers to fight.* but the Ladies.——

Iſa. Oh, hold, rude man—D'ye know whom you encounter?

Guz. Whats here—one dead— [*Looking on* Franciſco.

Fran. Oh, Lord!

Guz. Or, if he be not, he's old, and paſt ſervice, we'll kill the Chriſtian Dog out of the way.

Fran. Oh, hold, hold, I'm no Chriſtian, Gentlemen; but as errant a Heathen as your ſelves.

Guz. Bind him Streight neck and heels, and Clap him under Hatches.

Jul. Oh, ſpare him, Sir, look on his Reverend Age.

Guz. For your ſake, Lady, much may be done, we've need of hanſom women. [*Gives her to ſome* Turks *that are by.*

Fran. Hah,—my Wife! My Wife Raviſht—oh I'm dead.

Jul.

Jul. Fear not, my Dear, I'll rather dye than doe thee wrong.

Fran. Wou'd ſhe wou'd, quickly,—— then there's her honour ſav'd, and her ranſome, which is better.

Guz. Down with the muttering Dog, [*He deſcends.*

——And take the Ladies to ſeveral Cabins.

[*The* Turks *take hold of the Men*

Iſa. Muſt we be parted then,—ah, cruel Deſtinie! [*Weeps.*

Guil. Alas! this ſeparation's worſe than death.

Iſa. You poſſibly may ſee ſome *Turkiſh* Ladies, that may inſnare your heart, and make you faithleſs;——but I, ah Heavens! if ever I change my Love, may I become deform'd, and loſe all hopes of Title or of Grandure.

Guil. But ſhou'd the *GrandSignior* behold thy Beauty, thou wou'dſt diſpiſe thine own dear hony Vicount to be a *Sultana.*

Iſa. A *Sultana*, what's that?

Guil. Why, 'tis a ſhe great *Turk*; a Queen of *Turkey.*

Iſa. Theſe dear expreſſions go to my heart.— [*Weeps.*

And yet a *Sultana* is a tempting thing— [*Aſide ſmiling.*

——And you ſhall find your *Iſabella* true,—though the *Grand Signior* wou'd lay his Crown at my feet,—wou'd he wou'd try me though,—Heavens! to be Queen of *Turkey.* [*Aſide.*

Guil. May I believe thee,——but when thou ſeeſt the difference, alas, I am but a Chimney—hum, nothing to a great *Turk.*

Iſa. Is he ſo rare a thing——oh that I were a She Great *Turk.*

Guz. Come, come, we can't attend your Amorous Parleys.

[*Parts 'em.*

Jul. Alas, and what ſhall we poor women doe? [*Ex. men.*

Iſa. We muſt e'en have patience, Madam, and be raviſht.

Cla. Raviſht! Heavens forbid.

Jac. An pleaſe the Lord, I'll let my nails grow againſt that direfull day.

Iſa. And ſo will I, for I'm reſolv'd none ſhall raviſh me but the Great *Turk.*

Guz. Come, Ladies, you are Diſhes to be ſerv'd up to the board of the *Grand Signior.*

Iſa. Why, will he eat us all?

Guz. A ſlice of each, perhaps, as he finds his appetite inclin'd.

Isa. A slice, uncivil Fellow,———as if this Beauty were for a bit and away;—Sir, a word,—if you will do me the favour to recommend me to be first serv'd up to the *Grand Signior*, I shall remember the civility when I am great.

Guz. Lady, he is his own Carver, a good word by the by, or so, will doe well, and I am,———a Favorite———

Isa. Are you so, here, take this Jewel,———in earnest of greater Favours——— [*Gives him a Jewel. Exeunt all.*

SCENE II. *A Garden.*

Enter Don Carlos *and* Lopez.

Car. But, why so near the Land? by Heaven I saw each action of the Fight, from yonder grove of Jesemine,
And doubtless all beheld it from the Town.

Lop. The Captain, Sir, design'd it so, and at the Harbour gave it out those two Galleys were purposely prepar'd to entertain the Count and the Ladies with the representation of a Sea-fight; lest the noise of the Guns should Alarm the Town, and, taking it for a real Fight, shou'd have sent out supplies, and so have ruin'd our designs.

Car. Well, have we all things in readiness?

Lop. All, Sir, all.

Enter Page.

Page. My Lord, a Barge from the Gally is just arriv'd at the Garden Stairs.

Enter Guzman.

Car. I'll retire then, and fit me for my part of this Farce.

Guz. My Lord, you must retire, they're just bringing the old Gentleman a shore.

Car. Prethee how does he take his Captivity?

Guz. Take it, Sir, he has cast himself into a fit, and has lain like one in a Trance this half hour; 'tis impossible for him to speak Sense this fortnight; I'll secure his Reason a play-day for so long at least; your servants, in *Turkish* habits, are now his Guards, who will keep him safe enough from hindering your designs with *Julia*.

Car.

Car. What ever you doe have a care you do not overfright the Coxcomb, and make a Tragedy of our Comedy.

Guz. I'll warrant you, Sir, mind you your Love affairs;—— he's coming in,——retire, Sir.——

[*Ex.* Car. *and* Page *and* Lop.

Enter ſome Turks *with the Body of* Franciſco *in Chains, and lay him down on a Bank.*

1 *Tu.* Chriſtian, ſo ho ho, Slave awake.——

[*Rubbing and calling him.*

Fran. ——Hah!—— where am I?—— my Wife,—— my Wife,——where am I?——hah!——what are you?—— Ghoſts,——Devils,——Mutes,——no anſwer,—— hah,——bound in chains,——Slaves, where am I?

1 *Tu.* They underſtand not your Language, but I, who am a *Renigado Spaniard*, underſtand you when you ſpeak civily, which I adviſe you to doe.

Fran. Do you know me, Friend?

1 *Tu.* I know you to be a Slave, and the *Great Turk*'s Slave too.

Fran. The *Great Turk*,——the Great Devil, why where am I, Friend?

1 *Tu.* Within the Territories of the *Grand Signior*, and this, a Palace of Pleaſure, where he recreates himſelf with his Miſtreſſes.

Fran. And how far is that from *Cadez*;——but what care I, my Wife, Friend, my own Wife.

1 *Tu.* Your own,—— a true Muſſelman cou'd have ſaid no more; but take no care for her, ſhe's provided for.

Fran. Is ſhe dead, that would be ſome comfort,——

1 *Tu.* No, ſhe's alive and in good hands.

Fran. And in good hands; oh, my head! and, oh, my heart! ten thouſand tempeſts burſt the belly of this day wherein old *Franciſco* ventur'd Life and Limb,——Liberty and Wife to the mercy of theſe Heathen *Turks*.

1 *Tu.* Friend, you need not thus complain;——a good round ranſom redeems ye.

Fran. A round ranſom, I'll rot in my chains firſt, before I'll part with a round ranſom.

1 *Tu.* You have a fair Wife, and need not fear good usage if she knows how to be kind;—you apprehend me.

Fran. Patience, good Lord.

1 *Tu.* Perhaps the *Grand Signior* may like her, and to be favour'd by him is such a Glory.——

Fran. As the Devil take me if I desire.——

1 *Tu.* ——And then you may in triumph laugh at all the rest of your Brother Cuckolds.

Fran. Hum,———and has the Devil serv'd me thus,——— but no matter, I must be gadding, like an old Coxcombe, to *Cadez*,——and then, janting to Sea, with a Pox, to take pains to be a Cuckold,——— to bring my Wife into a strange Land, amongst Unbelievers, with a vengeance, as if we had not honest Christian Cuckold-makers enough at home; Sot that I was, not to consider how many Merchants have been undone by trusting their Commodities out at Sea;———why, what a damn'd ransom will the Rogues exact from me, and more for my Wife because she's handsome, and then, 'tis ten to one, I have her turn'd upon my hands the worse for wearing; oh, damn'd Infidels!—— no, 'tis resolv'd, I'll live a slave here, rather than enrich them.

1 *Tu.* Friend, you'll know your destiny presently;——— for, 'tis the custom of the *Great Turk* to view the Captives, and consider of their ransoms and liberties according to his pleasure, ———see he is coming forth with the *Vizer Bassa*;

Enter Carlos *and* Guzman *as* Turks *with followers.*

Most mighty Emperour, behold your Captive.

Fran. Is this the *Great Turk*?

1 *Tu.* Peace.

Fran. Bless me! as we at home describe him, I thought the *Great Turk* had been twice as big, but, I shall find him Tyrant big enough, I'll warrant him.

Guz. Of what Nation art thou, Slave, speak to the Emperour he understands thee, though he deign not to hold discourse to Christians, Dogs.

Fran. Oh fearfull!——*Spain* so please you, Sir.

Guz. By *Mahomet*, he'll make a reverend Eunuch.

Fran. An Eunuch,——oh, Lord!———

1 *Tu.* Ay, Sir, to guard his Mistresses, 'tis an honour.

Fran. Oh! Mercy,———Sir, that honour you may spare,

Age

Age has done my buſineſs as well already.

Guz. Fellow, what art?

Fran. An't pleaſe your worſhip, I cannot tell.

Guz. How, not tell?

Fran. An't pleaſe your Lordſhip, my Fears have ſo transform'd me, I cannot tell whether I'm any thing or nothing.

Guz. Thy Name, Dull mortall, know'ſt thou not that?

Fran. An't pleaſe your Grace, now I remember me, methinks I doe.

Guz. Dog, how art thou Call'd?

Fran. An't like your Excellence, men Call'd me Seignior Don *Franciſco* but now they will call me Coxcomb.

Guz. Of what Trade?

Fran. An't pleaſe your Highneſs, a Gentleman.

Guz. How much doſt thou get a day by that Trade? ——Hah!

Fran. An't like your Majeſty, our Gentlemen never get but twice in all their Lives; that is, when Fathers dy, they get good Eſtates; and when they Marry, they get rich Wives; but I know what your Mightyneſs wou'd get by going into my Country and asking the Queſtion.

Guz. What, Fool?

Fran. A good Cudgelling, an't pleaſe your Illuſtrioufneſs.

Guz. Slave! To my Face!——Take him away and let him have the Strapado.

Car. Baridama, Dermack.

Fran. Heav'ns, what ſayes he?

1 *Tu.* He means to have you caſtriated.

Fran. Caſtriated! Oh that's ſome dreadfull thing I'll warrant, ——Gracious *Great Turk*, for *Mahomet's* ſake, excuſe me; alas, I've loſt my wits.

Car. Galero Gardines?

Guz. The *Emperor* asks if thou art Married, Fellow.

Fran. Hah——Married——I was an't like your Monſterouſneſs, but, I doubt, your people have ſpoyl'd my Property.

Guz. His Wife, with other Ladies, in a Pavillion in the Garden, attend your Royall pleaſure.

Car. Go, fetch her hither preſently.— [*Ex.* Guzman.

1 *Tu.* This is no common honour, that the *Great Turk* deigns to ſpeak your Language; 'tis a ſign you'll riſe.

Fran.

Fran. Yes, by the height of a pair of Horns.

Car. Is she handsom?

Fran. Oh, what an Ague shakes my heart,—handsom, alas, no, dread Sir; what shou'd such a deform'd Poulcat as I do with a handsom Wife?

Car. Is she young?

Fran. Young,—what shou'd such an old doting Coxcomb as I do with a young-Wife———Pox on him for a Heathen Whoremaster.

Car. Old is she then?

Fran. Ay, very old, an't please your Gloriousness.

Car. Is she not Capable of Love?

Fran. Hum,—so so,—like fire conceald in a Tinder-box,—I shall run Mad.

Car. Is she witty?

Fran. I'm no Competent Judge, an't like your Holyness,—this Catechism was certainly of the Devil's own making. [*Aside.*

Enter Guzman, *bringing in* Julia, Clara, Isabella, Jacinta, Guilion, Antonio: *&c. Women vail'd.*

Car. These, Sir, are all the Slaves of Note are taken.

Isa. Dost think, *Jacinta*, he'll chuse me?

Jac. I'll warrant you, Madam, if he look with my Eyes.

Guz. Stand forth——— [*To the men.*

Guil. Stand forth, Sir, why, so I can, Sir: I dare show my Face, Sir, before any *Great Turk* in Christiandom.

Car. What are you, Sir?

Guil. What am I, Sir? Why, I'm a Lord, a Lord.

Fran. Are you mad to own your quality, he'll ask the Devil and all of a ransom.

Guil. No matter for that, I'll not lose an Inch of my Quality for a King's Ransom, disgrace my self before my fair Mistress.

Isa. That's as the *Great Turk* and I shall agree. [*Scornfully.*

Car. What are you, Sir?

Anto. A Citizen of *Cadez.*

Car. Set 'em by, we'll Consider of their Ransoms———now unvaile the Ladies. [Guzman *unvails* Jacinta.

Fran. Oh, dear Wife, now or never show thy Love, make a Damnable

Damnable face upon the filthy Raviſher,—glout thy Eyes thus—and thruſt out thy upper lip, thus—[Guzman *preſents* Jacinta.

Guil. Oh, dear *Iſabella*, do thee look like a Dog too.

Iſa. No, Sir, I'm reſolv'd I'll not looſe an Inch of my Beauty, to ſave ſo trifling a thing as a Maiden head.

Car. Very agreeable, pretty and Chearfull—a moſt divine Bud of Beauty—all natures Excellence—drawn to the life in Little, —what are you, fair one? { *She is Veild and ſet by: Then* Clara *is unveild.*

Cla. Sir, I'm a Maid.

Fran. So, I hope, he will pitch upon her.

Cla. Onely, by promiſe, Sir, I've given my ſelf away.

Car. What happy man cou'd claim a title in thee, And truſt thee to ſuch danger?

Iſa. Heav'ns, ſhall I be defeated by this little Creature! What pity 'twas he ſaw not me firſt?

Cla I dare not name him, Sir, leaſt this ſmall Beauty which you ſay adornes me, ſhou'd gain him your diſpleaſure; he's in your Preſence, Sir, and is your ſlave.

Car. Such innocence this plain Confeſſion ſhows, Name me the man, and I'll reſign thee back to him.

Fran. A Pox of his Civility.

Anto. This mercy makes me bold to claim my right. [*Kneels.*

Car. Take her, Young man, and with it both your Ranſoms.

Guil. Hum—hum—very noble i'faith, we'll e'en confeſs our loves too, *Iſabella.*

Iſa. Slife he'l ſpoil all,——hold—pray let your betters be ſerv'd before you.

Guil. How! Is the Honour of my Love deſpiſed?—wer't not i'th preſence of the *Great Turk*, for whom I have a reverence becauſe he's a man of quality——by *Jove* I'd draw upon you.

Iſa. Becauſe you were my Lover once, when I am Queen I'll Pardon you;—— { Guzman *unveils her, and leads her to* Carlos, *ſhe making ridiculous Actions of Civility.*

Car. What Akward—fond—Conceited Thing art thou? Veile her and take the Taudry Creature hence.

Guil. Hum—your Majeſty's humble ſervant— { *Putting off his hat, ridiculouſly.*

Fran. How! refuſe my Daughter too; I ſee the Lot of a Cuckold will fall to my ſhare.

Guz. This is the Wife, Great Sir, of this old Slave.
[*Unveiles* Julia.

Car. Hah! what do I see, by *Mahomet*, she's fair.

Fran. So, so, she's condemn'd, oh, damn'd *Mahometan Canibal!* will nothing but raw flesh serve his turn?

Car. I'll see no more,———here I have fix'd my heart.

Fran. Oh, Monster of a *Grand Signior*!

Guz. Have you a mind to be flead, Sir?

Car. Receive my Handkerchief.——— [*Throws it to her.*

Fran. His Handkerchief; bless me, what does he mean?

Guz. To doe her the honour to lie with her to night.——

Fran. Oh, hold, most mighty *Turk*. [*Kneeling.*

Guz. Slave, darest thou interrupt 'em,———dye, Dog.

Fran. Hold, hold, I'm silent.

Car. I Love you fair one, and design to make you———

Fran. A most notorious Strumpet,——a Pox of his courtesie.

Car. ——What Eyes you have like Heaven-blew and charming, a pretty Mouth, Neck, round and white as polisht Alabaster, and a complexion, beauteous as an Angel,———a hair fit to make Bonds to insnare the God of Love,———a sprightly Air,———a hand like Lillies white, and Lips, no Roses opening in a Morning are half so sweet and soft.

Fran. Oh, damn'd circumcised *Turk*.

Car. You shall be call'd the bautifull *Sultana*,
And rule in my *Seraglio* drest with jewels.

Fran. Sure I shall burst with vengeance.

Jul. Sir, let your Vertue regulate your passions;
For I can ne'r love any but my husband.

Fran. Ah, dissembling Witch!

Jul. ———And wou'd not break my marriage Vows to him, for all the honour you can heap upon me.

Fran. Say, and hold; but, *Sultana* and pretious Stones, are damnable temptations,——besides, the Rogue's young and hansome,———What a scornfull look she casts at me; wou'd they were both hansomly at the Devil together.

Guz. Dog,—do you mutter?

Fran. Oh! nothing, nothing, but the Palsey shook my Lips a little.

Guz. Slave, go, and, on your knees, resign your Wife.

Fran. She's of years of discretion,——and may dispose of her self;

ſelf; but I can hold no longer,———and, is this your *Mahometan* Conſcience, to take other mens Wives, as if there were not ſingle Harlots enough in the world? [*In rage.*

Guz. Peace, thou diminutive Chriſtian.

Fran. I ſay, peace, thou over-grown *Turk.*

Guz. Thou *Spaniſh* Cur.

Fran. Why, you're a *Mahometan* Bitch, and you go to that.

Guz. Death, I'll diſſect the bald pated Slave.

Fran. I defie thee, thou foul filthy Cabbage head, for I am mad, and will be valiant. [Guz. *throws his Turbant at him.*

Car. What Inſolence is this?—Mutes—ſtrangle him.———

[*They put a Bow-ſtring about his neck.*

Jul. Mercy, dread Sir, I beg my Husband's life.

Car. No more,———this fair one bids you live,——hence forth, *Franciſco*, I pronounce you a Widower, and ſhall regard you, for the time to come, as the deceaſed Husband of the Great *Sultana*, murmer not upon pain of being made an Eunuch ——take him away——

Jul. Go, and be ſatisfied, I'll die before I'll yield.

Fran. Is this my going to Sea?——the Plague of loſing Battels light on thee.

When ill ſucceſs ſhall make thee idle lie,
Mayſt thou in bed be impotent as I.

Car. Command our Slaves to give us ſome diverſion;
Diſmiſs his Chains, and uſe him with reſpect, becauſe he was the Husband of our beloved *Sultana.*

Fran. I ſee, your Cuckold might have a life good enough if he cou'd be contented—— [*They pull off his Chains.*

[Carlos *and* Julia *ſit under an Umbrello.*

The SONG.

How ſtrangely does my Paſſion grow,
Divided equally 'twixt two?
Damon *had ne'er ſubdu'd my Heart,*
Had not Alexis *took his part:*
Nor, cou'd Alexis *powerfull prove,*
Without my Damon's *aid, to gain my Love.*

When my Alexis *present is,*
Then I for Damon *sigh and mourn;*
But, when Alexis *I do miss,*
Damon *gains nothing but my scorn:*
And, if it chance they both are by;
For both, alas! I languish, sigh, and die.

Cure then, thou mighty Winged God,
This raging Feaver in my Blood.
One golden-pointed Dart take back;
But, which, O Cupid, *wilt thou take?*
If Damon's, *all my hopes are croſt:*
Or, that of my Alexis, *I am loſt.*

Enter Dancers, *which dance an Antique*

Car. Come, my dear *Julia*, let's retire to Shades. [*Aſide to her.*
Where onely thou and I can find an enterance;
Theſe dull, theſe neceſſary delays of ours
Have drawn my Love to an impatient height,
——attend theſe Captives,——at a reſpectfull diſtance.
[*Ex. all but* Iſa. *who ſtaies* Guil.

Guil. What wou'd the Great *Sultana*?

Iſa. Ah! do not pierce my heart with this unkindneſs.

Guil. Ha, ha, ha,——Pages,——give order, I have Letters writ to *Sivil*, to my Merchant,——I will be ranſom'd inſtantly.

Iſa. Ah, cruel Count!

Guil. Meaning me, Lady; ah, fie! no, I am a Scoundrel; I a Count, no, not I, a Dog, a very Chim——hum,——a ſon of a Whore, I, not worthy your notice.

Iſa. Oh, Heavens! muſt I loſe you then? no, I'll die firſt.

Guil. Die, die, then, for, your betters muſt be ſerv'd before you.

Iſa. Oh! I ſhall rave; falſe and lovely, as you are, did you not ſwear to marry me, and make me a Vicounteſs.

Guil. Ay, that was once when I was a Lover, but, now you are a Queen,——you're too high i'th' mouth for me.

Iſa. Ah! name it not; will you be ſtill hard-hearted?

Guil. As a Flint, by *Jove*.

Iſa. Have you forgot your Love?

Guil.

Guil. I've a bad memory.

Iſa. And will you let me die?

Guil. I know nothing of the matter.

Iſa. Oh, Heavens! and ſhall I be no Vicounteſs?

Guil. Not, for me, Fair Lady, by *Jupiter*,———no, no,—— Queen's much better,—— Death, affront a man of Honour, a Vicount that wou'd have took you to his Bed,—after half the Town had blown upon you,——— without examining either Portion or Honeſty, and wou'd have took you for better for worſe———Death, I'll untile houſes, and demoliſh Chimneys, But I'll be reveng'd. [*Draws, and is going out.*

Iſa. Ah, hold! your anger's juſt, I muſt confeſs, yet pardon the frailty of my Sexes vanity; behold my tears, that ſue for pity to you. [*She weeps, he ſtands looking on her.*

Guil. ———My Rage diſſolves.———

Iſa. I ask but death or pity. [*He weeps.*

Guil. —I cannot hold,—but, if I ſhou'd forgive, and marry you, you wou'd be gadding after honour ſtill, longing to be a ſhe *Great Turk* again.——

Iſa. Break not my heart with ſuch ſuſpicions of me.

Guil. And, is it pure and tender Love for my Perſon,
And not for my glorious Titles?

Iſa. Name not your Titles, 'tis your ſelf I love,
Your amiable, ſweet and charming ſelf,
And, I cou'd almoſt wiſh you were not great,
To let you ſee my Love.

Guil. I am confirm'd----
'Tis no reſpect of Honour makes her weep;
Her Love's the ſame ſhou'd I crie------Chimney Sweep.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Garden.*

Enter Franciſco *alone.*

Fran. NOW am I afraid to walk in this Garden, leſt I ſhou'd ſpie my own natural Wife lying with the *Great Turk* in Freſco upon ſome of theſe fine flowry Banks, and learning how to make Cuckolds in *Turkey*.

Enter Guzman *and* Jacinta.

Guz. Nay, dear *Jacinta*, caſt an eye of pity on me. ——What, deny the *Vizer Baſſa*.

Jac. When you are honeſt *Guzman* again, I'll tell you a piece of my mind.

Guz. But, opportunity will not be ſo kind to *Guzman*, as to the Grand *Baſſa*; therefore, dear Rogue, let's retire into theſe kind ſhades, or, if fooliſh Vertue be ſo ſqueamiſh, and needleſs Reputation ſo nice, that Mr. *Vicar* muſt ſay *Amen* to the bargain, there is an old louſey Fryer, belonging to this *Villa*, that will give us a caſt of his office, for I am a little impatient about this buſineſs, Greatneſs, having infus'd a certain itch in my blood, which I felt not, whilſt a common man.

Fran. Um, Why, what have we here, pert Mrs. *Jacinta*, and the *Baſſa*? I hope the Jade will be Turkeyfied with a vengeance, and have Circumciſion in abundance; and the Devil ſhall ranſom her for old *Franciſco*.

Jac. Hah, the old Gentleman.

Fran. What? the Frolick is to go round, I ſee, you women have a happy time on't.

Guz. Men that have kind Wives may be as happy; you'll have the honour of being made a Cuckold, Heaven be prais'd.

Fran. Ay, Sir, I thank ye,——pray under the Roſe, how does my Wife pleaſe his Grace the *Great Turk*?

Guz. Murmuring again, thou Slave.

Fran.

Fran. Who, I? O Lord, Sir! no, not I, why, what hurt is there in being a Cuckold?

Guz. Hurt, Sirrah, you ſhall be ſwing'd into a belief, that it is an honour for the *Great Turk* to borrow your wife.

Fran. But, for the Lender to pay Uſe-money, is ſomewhat ſevere;—but, ſee, he comes,—bleſs me, how grim he looks!

Enter Carlos.

Car. Come hither, Slave,—why was it that I gave you Life? dismiſt the fetters from your aged limbs?

Fran. For love of my Wife, and't pleaſe your Barbarouſneſs.

Car. —Gave you free leave to range the Palace round, excepting my apartment onely?

Fran. Still, for my Wives ſake, I ſay, and't like your Hideouſneſs.

Car. And yet, this Wife, this moſt ungratefull Wife of yours again wou'd put your chains on, expoſe your life to dangers and new torments by a too ſtubborn vertue, ſhe does refuſe my courtſhip, and fooliſh is chaſt.

Fran. Alas! what pity's that?

Car. I offer'd much, lov'd much, but all in vain; Husband, and Honour, ſtill, was the reply.

Fran. Good lack! that ſhe ſhou'd have no more Grace before her eyes.

Car. But, Slave, behold theſe Mutes; that fatal inſtrument of death behold too, and in 'em read thy doom, if this coy Wife of yours be not made flexible to my addreſſes.

Fran. Oh, Heavens! I make her.

Car. No more, thy Fate is fix'd — and, here attend, till he himſelf deliver his willing Wife into my arms: *Baſſa,* attend and ſee it, ſee it be perform'd— [*To his* Mutes, *then to* Guz.

[*Ex.* Car.

Guz. Go, one of you, and fetch the fair ſlave hither.

[*Ex.* Turk.

Fran. I Pimp for my own Wife, I hold the dore to my own Fleſh and Blood, *O monſtrum horrendum!*

Guz. Nay, doe't, and doe't hanſomly too, not with a ſnivelling countenance, as if you were compell'd to't;—but, with the face of authority, and the awfull command of a Husband—or—thou dyeſt— —

Enter

Enter Turk *and* Julia.

Fran. My dear *Julia*, you are a Fool, my Love.———

Jul. For what, dear Husband?

Fran. I say, a silly Fool, to refuse the love of so Great a *Turk*; why, what a Pox makes you so coy? [*Angrily.*

Jul. How! this from you, *Francisco.*

Fran. —Now does my heart begin to fail me;—and yet, I shall ne'er indure strangling neither;—why, am not I your Lord and Master, hah?

Jul. Heavens! Husband, what wou'd you have me doe?

Fran. Have you doe;———why, I wou'd have ye—d'ye see, ———twill not out;—why, I wou'd have ye—lie with the *Sultan*, huswife; I wonder how, the Devil, you have the face to refuse him, so hansom—so young a Lover; come, come, let me hear no more of your coyness, Mistress, for, if I do—I shall be hang'd;——— [*Aside.*

The *Great Turk*'s a most worthy Gentleman, and therefore I advise you to doe as he advises you; and the Devil take ye both.— [*Aside.*

Jul. This from my Husband, old *Francisco*! he advise me to part with my dear Honour!

Fran. Rather than part with his dear Life, I thank ye.——— [*Aside.*

Jul. Have you consider'd the Vertue of a Wife?

Fran. No, but I have consider'd the neck of a Husband. [*Aside.*

Jul.—Which Vertue, before I'll lose, I'll die a thousand deaths.

Fran. So will not I, one; a Pox of her Vertue,—these women are always vertuous in the wrong place. [*Aside.*

—I say, you shall be kind to the sweet *Sultan.*

Jul. And rob my Husband of his right!

Fran. Shaw, exchange is no robbery.

Jul. And forsake my Vertue, and make none Dear a Cuckold.

Fran. Shaw, most of the Heroes of the world were so;——— go prethee Hony go—do me the favour to Cuckold me a little, if not for Love, for Charity.—

Jul. Are you in earnest?—

Fran. I am.———

Jul. And, wou'd it not diplease you?

Fran. I say, no;—had it been *Aquinius* his Case, to have sav'd the pinching of his Gullet he wou'd have been a Cuckold— [*Aside.*

Jul.

Jul. Fear has made you mad, or you're bewitcht; and I'll leave you to recover your Wits again. [*Going out.*

Fran. Oh, Gracious Wife, leave me not in deſpair; I am not mad, no, nor no more bewitcht than I have been theſe forty years; 'tis you're bewitcht to refuſe ſo hanſom—ſo young, and ſo—a Pox on him, ſhe'll ne'er reliſh me again, after him. [*Kneels to her and holds her.* [*Aſide.*

Jul. Since you've loſt your honour with your wits, I'll try what mine will doe.

Enter Carlos. Turks.

Fran. Oh! I am loſt,—— I'm loſt—— dear Wife,—— moſt mighty Sir, I've brought her finely to't;—— do not make me loſe my credit with his *Mahometan* Grace,—— my wife has a monſtrous affection for your Honour, but, ſhe's ſomething baſhfull; but, when alone your Magnanimiouſneſs will find her a ſwinger.

Car. ——Fair Creature———

Jul. Do you believe my Husband, Sir, he's mad.

Car. Dog.—— [*Offers to kill him.*

Fran. Hold mighty Emperor; as I hope to be ſav'd 'tis but a copy of her countenance—inhumane Wife —lead her to your apartment Sir;——barbarous honeſt woman,---to your chamber, Sir,—wou'd I had married thee an errand Strumpet; nay, to your Royal bed, Sir, I'll warrant you ſhe gives you taunt for taunt: try her, Sir, try her. [*Puts 'em out.*

Jac. Hark you, Sir, are you poſſeſt, or, is it real reformationin you? what mov'd this kind fit?

Fran. E'en Love to ſweet Life; and, I ſhall think my ſelf ever oblieged, to my dear Wife, for this kind Reprieve;——had ſhe been cruel—I had been ſtrangled or hung in the Air like our Prophets Tomb.

Enter firſt Turk.

1 *Tu.* Sir, boaſt the honour of the news I bring you.

Fran. Oh, my head! how my brows twinge!

1 *Tu.* The mighty *Sultan*, to doe you honour, has ſet your Daughter and her Lover free, ranſomleſs;———and, this day, gives 'em liberty to ſolemnize the Nuptials in the Court;——— but, Chriſtian Cerimonies muſt be private; but you're to be admitted, and, I'll conduct you to 'em.

Fran. Some comfort, I shall be Father to a Vicount, and for the rest—Patience———

All Nations Cuckolds breed, but I deny
They had such need of Cuckolding as I.

[*Goes out with the* Turk.

Enter Antonio, *and* Clara *to* Jacinta.

Jac. Madam, the rarest sport——Ha ha ha.

Anto. You need not tell us, we have been witness to all, But to our own affairs, my dearest *Clara.*
Let us not lose this blessed opportunity,
Which Art nor Industry can give again if this be idly lost.

Cla. Nay, hang me if it be *Antonio*, Charge it to the Number of your own sins; it shall not ly at my door.

Anto. 'Tis generously said, and take notice, my little dear *Virago*, *Guzman* has a Priest ready to tye you to your word.

Cla. As fast us you please; hang her that fears the Conjuring knot for me: But what will our Fathers say,—mine, who Expects me to be the Governor's Lady; and yours, who designs *Isabella* for a Daughter-in-law?

Anto. Mine will be glad of the Change, and, for yours, if he be not pleas'd, let him keep his Portion to himself—that's the greatest mischeife he can do us: and for my friend, the Governour, he's above their anger.

Cla. Why do we lose precious time; I long to be at,—— I *Clara*, take thee *Antonio*,—the very ceremony will be tedious, so much I wish thee mine; and each delay gives me a fear something will snatch me from thee.

Anto. No power of man can do't, thou art so Guarded; but now the Priest is employ'd in Clapping up the honourable marrige between the *False Count* and *Isabella.*

Jac. Lord, what a jest 'twill be to see 'em Coupled, ha, ha.

Cla. Unmercyfull *Antonio*, to drive the jest so far; 'tis too unconscionable!

Anto. By Heav'n, I'm so proud I cannot think my Revenge sufficient for affronts, nor does her Birth, her Breeding and her Vanity—deserve a better Fortune; besides,—he has enough to set up for a Modern Spark—the Fool has just wit and good-manners sufficient to pass for a Fop of fashion; and, where he is not known, will gain the Reputation of a fine accomplisht Gentleman

man,——yet I'm reſolv'd ſhe ſhall ſee him in his geers, in his original Filthineſs, that my Revenge may be home upon the fooliſh Gilt.

Cla. Cruel *Antonio*,——come let's go give 'em joy.

Anto. And finiſh our affair with Mr Vicar.——

Enter Iſabella, *her train born by the great* Page; Guiliom, *with the other great* Page, *and* Franciſco, *bare.*

—Joy to my Noble Lord, and you, fair *Iſabella*!

Iſa. Thank thee, Fellow,—but, ſurely, I deſerv'd my Titles from thee.

Cla. Your Honour, I hope, will Pardon him.

Iſa. How now *Clara*—— [*Nodding to her.*

Jac. I give your Honour joy.

Iſa. Thank thee, poor Creature.——

Fran. My Lord,—this Honour you have done my Daughter is ſo ſignall, that whereas, I deſign'd her but Five Thouſand pound, I will this happy day——ſettle on her ten.——

Guil. Damn dirty traſh your Beauty is ſufficient——hum——ſeignior Don *Antonio*, get the Writings ready, [*Aſide.*

——Money——hang money.

Fran. How generous theſe Lords are; nay, my Lord, you muſt not refuſe a Fathers love——if I may preſume to call you ſon——I ſhall find enough beſides for my Ranſom, if the Tyrant be ſo unmercyfull to ask more than my Wife payes him.

Guil. Nay, if you---will force it upon me.

Iſa. Ay, take it, the trifling ſome will ſerve to buy our Honour Pins.

Anto. Well, Sir, ſince you will force it on him, my *Caſhier* ſhall draw the Writings.

Guil. And have 'em ſign'd by a publick Notary,— [*Aſide.*

Fran. With all my Soul, Sir, I'll go give him order, and ſubſcribe. [*Ex.* Franciſco.

Guil. Let him make 'em ſtrong and ſure——you ſhall go halves. [*Aſide.*

Anto. No, you will deſerve it dearely, who have the Plague of ſuch a Wife with it;——but harkye, *Count*——theſe goods of Fortune are not to be afforded you, without conditions.

Guil. Shaw, conditions, any conditions, Noble *Antonio.*

Anto You must disrobe anon, and do'n your Native habiliaments———and in the Equipage give that fair Vicountess to understand the true quality of her Husband.

Guil. Hum——I'm afraid, 'tis a harder task to leap from a Lord to a Rogue, then 'tis from a Rogue to a Lord.

Anto. Not at all, we have Examples of both dayly.

Guil. Well, Sir, I'll show you my agility——but, Sir,—— I desire——I may Consummate, d'ye see,——Consummate,—— a little like Lord, to make the marriage sure.

Anto. You have the Freedom to doe so——the Writings I'll provide.———

Guil. I'll about it then, the Priest waites within for you, and *Guzman* for you *Jacinta*,——haste, for he is to arrive anon Ambassador from *Cadez*.

Jac. I know not, this noise of Weddings has set me a gog, and I'll e'en in, and try what 'tis. [*Ex.* Antonio, Clara, *and* Jacinta.

Guil. Come, Madam, your Honour and I have something else to doe———before I have fully dub'd you a Vicountess.

Isa. Ah Heav'ns, my Lord, what's that?

Guil. Why, a Certain Ceremony, which must be perform'd between a pair of Sheets,——but we'll let it a lone till Night.

Isa. Till night, no; whate'er it be, I wou'd not be without an Inch of that Ceremony, that may Compleat my Honour, for the World; no for Heav'ns sake let's retire, and Dub me presently.

Guil. Time enough, time enough.

Isa. You love me not; that can deny me this.

Guil. Love—no—we are Married now, and people of our Quality never love after Marriage 'tis not great.———

Isa. Nay, let's retire, and Compleat my Quality, and you will find me Wife a of the Mode I'll warrant you.

Guil. For once you have prevail'd.

Enter Francisco.

Fran. Whither away.——

Isa. Onely to Consummate a little, pray keep your distance. [*She pulls of his hat.*

Fran. Consummate.——

Isa. Ay, Sir, that is to make me an absolute Vicountess—— we cannot stay——farewell—— [Guilion, *Leads her out.*

Fran.

Fran. Hum——this *Turkey* Air has a notable Faculty, where the women are all plaguie kind.———

Enter Carlos, *and* Julia.

Car. By Heav'n each Moment makes me more your ſlave——

Fran. The buſineſs is done.

Jul. My husband. [*Aſide.*

Car ——And all this conſtant love to old *Franciſco*, has but ingag'd me more.

Fran. Ha, Love to me? [*Aſide.*

Jul. Sir, if this vertue, be but reall in you, how happy I ſhou'd be; but you'll relaps again and Tempt my vertue——which if you doe———

Fran. I'll warrant ſhe wou'd kill her ſelf. [*Aſide.*

Jul. --I ſhou'd be ſure to yield———[*In a ſoft tone to him.*

Car. No, thou haſt made an abſolute Conqueſt o'er me —and if that Beauty tempt me every hour, I ſhall be ſtill the ſame I was the laſt.

Fran. Pray Heav'n he be *John.*

Enter 1 Turk.

1 *Turk.* Moſt Mighty Emperor, a Meſſenger from *Cadez.* has Letters for your Highneſs.

Car. Conduct him in; in this retreat of ours we uſe no State.

Enter Guzman, *as himſelf, gives* Carlos *Letters.*

Guz. Don *Carlos*, Governour of *Cadez* greets your Highneſs.

Car. reads] *High and Mighty,*

For ſeven Chriſtian *Slaves, taken lately by a Gally of yours, we offer you twice the Number of* Mahometans *taken from you by us,—if this ſuffice not,—propoſe your Ranſoms, and they ſhall be paid by*

Don Carlos *Governour of* Cadez.

—Know you this *Carlos* offers ſo fair for you?

Fran. Moſt Potent Lord, I do, and wonder at the Compliment,———and yet I am not jealous———I have ſo over act'd the Compleſant Husband, that I ſhall never fall into the other Extreme again.

Car. Go, let the Chriſtian Governour underſtand his Requeſt is granted.

Guz. The slaves are ready, Sir, and a Gally to carry off the Christians.

Jul. How shall we make this Governour amends?

Fran. I do even weep for joy; alas, I must leave it to thee Love!

Jul. To me, Sir, do you mock me?

Fran. Mock thee, no; I know thy vertue, and will no more be jealous, beleive me Chickin I was an old Fool.

Car. Your Wife is Chaste——she overcame my unruly passion with her Prayers and Tears.

Enter Isabella, *at one door*; Clara, Antonio, Jacinta, *at another*; Isabellas *Train carri'd up.*

Fran. Rare News,——we are all free and ransom'd! All's well and the man has his Mare again.

Isa. You still forget your Duty and your distance.

Fran. A Pox of your troublesom Honour; a man can't be overjoy'd in quiet for't.

Enter Baltazer, *and* Sebastian.

Seb. Sure I am not Mistaken, this is the House of my Son *Antonio.*

Bal. Let it be whose house 'twill; I think the Devil's broke loose in't.

Seb.——Or the *Turks*; for I have yet met with ne'er a Christian thing in't.

Fran. Hah,—Do I dream, or is that my Father-in-law, and Seignior *Sebastian?*

Anto. My Father here.——

Car. Baltazer—— [*Aside.*

Bal. Son, *Francisco*, why do you gaze on me so?

Fran. Bless me, Sir, are you taken by the great *Turk* too?

Bal. Taken,——*Great Turk*,——what do you mean!

Fran. Mean, Sir; why, how the Devil came you into *Turkey?*

Bal. Sure Jealousie has Crackt his Brains.

Fran. Crack me no Cracks, good Father mine;——am not I a Slave in *Turkey?* and is not this the *Grand Seigniors* Palace?

Car. So,——all will come out, there's no prevention. [*Aside.*

Seb. Some that are wiser answer us: You Son,——are you infected too?—was not yesterday to abeen your Wedding day?

Anto.

Anto. To day has done as well, Sir, I have onely chang'd *Iſabella* for *Clara.*

Seb. How, *Franciſco*, have you juggled with me?

Fran. My Daughter's a Lady, Sir.

Bal. And you Miſtreſs; you have Marry'd *Antonio*, and left the Governour.

Cla. I thought him the fitter Match, Sir, and hope your Pardon.

Jul. We cannot ſcape.

Fran. But how came you hither, Gentlemen, and how durſt you venture?

Seb. Whither, Sir, to my own Son's houſe; is there ſuch danger in coming a mile or two out of *Cadez?*

Fran. Is the Devil in you, or me, or both? Am not I in the Poſſeſſion of *Turks and Infidels?*

Bal. No, Sir; ſafe in *Antonio Villa*; within a League of *Cadez.*

Fran. Why, what a Pox, is not this the *Great Turk* himſelf?

Bal. This, Sir; —cry mercy, my Lord — 'tis Don *Carlos*, Sir, the Governor.

Fran. The Governor; the worſt *Great Turk* of all; ſo, I am cozen'd,—moſt rarely cheated; why, what a horrid Plot's here carryed on, to bring in Heretical Cuckoldom?

Car. Well, Sir, ſince you have found it out, I'll own my Paſſion.

Jul. Well, if I have been kind you forc't me to't, nay Beg'd on your knees, to give my ſelf away.

Fran. Guilty, guilty! I confeſs,—but 'twas to the *Great Turk*, Miſtreſs, not Don *Carlos.*

Jul. And was the ſin the greater?

Fran. No, but the Honour was leſs.

Bal. Oh, horrid! What, intreat his Wife to be a Whore?

Car. Sir, your miſtaken, ſhe was my Wife in ſight of Heav'n before; and I but Seiz'd my own.

Fran. Oh,—Sir, ſhe's at your Service ſtill.

Car. I thank you, Sir, and take her as my own.

Bal. Hold, my Honour's concern'd.

Fran. Not at all, Father mine, ſhe's my Wife, my Lumber now, and, I hope, I may diſpoſe of my Goods and Chattels: —if he takes her we are upon equal terms, for he makes himſelf my Cuckold, as he has already made me his;—for, if my memory fail me not, we did once upon a time conſummate, as my Daughter has it.

Enter

Enter Guilion *in his own dress, crying Chimney-Sweep.*

Guil. Chimney-sweep,——by your leave, Gentlemen.

Anto. Whither away, Sirrah?

Guil. What's that to you, Sir?——

Anto. Not to me, Sirrah;—who wou'd you speak with?

Guil. What's that to you, Sir? why, what a Pox may not a man speak with his own Lady and Wife?

Cla. Heavens! his Wife! to look for his Wife amongst Persons of Quality!

Car. Kick out the Rascal.

Guil. As soon as you please, my Lord; but, let me take my Wife along with me. [*Takes* Isa. *by the hand.*

Isa. Faugh!——what means the Devil?

Guil. Devil;——'twas not long since you found me a humane creature, within there.——

Isa. Villain, Dog; help me to tear his eyes out.

Guil. What, those eyes, those lovely eyes, that wounded you so deeply?

Fran. What's the meaning of all this?——why, what, am I cozen'd? and is my Daughter cozen'd?

Guil. Cozen'd! why? I'm a man, Sir.——

Fran. The Devil you are, Sir, how shall I know that?

Guil. Your Daughter does, Sir; and, that's all one.

Isa. Oh! I'm undone; am I no Vicountess then?

Guil. Hang Titles; 'twas my self you lov'd, my amiable sweet and charming self: in fine, sweet heart, I am your Husband; no Vicount, but honest *Guilion* the Chimney sweeper.—I heard your Father design'd to marry you to a Tradesman, and you were for a Don; and to please you both, you see how well I have manag'd matters.

Fran. I'll not give her a farthing.

Guil. No matter, her love's worth a million; and, that's so great, that I'm sure she'll be content to carry my Soot-basket after me.

Isa. Ah! I dye, I dye.

Guil. What, and I so kind? } *Goes and kisses her,*

Isa. Help; murther, murther! } *and blacks her face.*

Guil.

Guil. Well, Gentlemen, I am ſomething a better fortune than you believe me, by ſome thouſands. [*Shows* Car. *his writings.*

Car. Subſtantial and good, faith, Sir, I know not where you'll find a better fortune for your Daughter as caſes ſtand. [*To* Fran.

Guil. And, for the Vicount, Sir; gay Cloths, Money and Confidence will ſet me up for one, in any ground in Chriſtiandom.

Car. Faith, Sir, he's i'th' right; take him home to *Sivil*, your neighbours know him not, and he may paſs for what you pleaſe to make him; the Fellow's honeſt, witty and hanſom.

Fran. —Well, I have conſider'd the matter;—I was but a Leather-ſeller my ſelf, and am grown up to a Gentleman; and, who knows but he, being a Chimney-ſweeper, may, in time, grow up to a Lord; Faith, I'll truſt to Fortune, for once—here —take her, and rid me of one Plague, as you, I thank you, Sir, have done of another.---- [*To* Carlos.

Guil. Prethee, be pacified, thou ſhalt ſee me within this hour, as pretty a fluttering Spark as any's in Town.—my noble Lord, ———I give you thanks and joy; for, you are happy too.

Car. As Love and Beauty can make me.

Fran. And I, as no damn'd Wife, proud Daughter or tormenting Chamber-maid can make me.

Anto. And I, as Heaven and *Clara* can.

——You baſe born Beauties, whoſe Ill manner'd Pride,
Th'induſtrious noble Citizens deride,
May you all meet with *Iſabella*'s Doom.

Guil.—And, all ſuch Husbands as the Count *Guiliome.*

FINIS.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. *Barry*. Made by a Perſon of Quality.

I Come not a Petitioner to ſue,
This Play the Author has writ down to you;
'Tis a ſlight Farce, five days brought forth with eaſe,
So very fooliſh that it needs muſt pleaſe;
For though each day good Judges take offence,
And Satyr Armes in Comedy's defence,
You are ſtill true to your Jack-Pudding *Senſe.*
No Buffoonry can miſs your Approbation,
You love it as you do a new French *Faſhion:*
Thus in true hate of Senſe, and Wit's deſpight,
Bantring and Shamming is your dear delight:
Thus among all the Follys here abounding,
None took like the new Ape-trick of Dumfounding.
If to make People laugh the buſineſs be,
You Sparks better Comedians are than we;
You every day out fool ev'n Nokes *and* Lee.
They're forc'd to ſtop and their own Farces quit,
*I admire the Merry-*Andrews *of the Pit;*
But if your mirth ſo grate the Critique's ear,
Your Love will yet more Harlequin appear.
—You everlaſting Grievance of the Boxes,
You wither'd Ruines of ſtum'd Wine and Poxes;
What ſtrange Green-ſickneſs do you hope in Women
Shou'd make 'em love old fools in new point Linnen?
The Race of Life you run off-hand too faſt,
Your fiery Mettle is too hot to laſt;
Your Feavers come ſo thick, your claps ſo plenty,
Moſt of you are threeſcore at five and twenty.
Our town bred Ladyes know you well enough,
Your courting Women's like your taking Snuff;

EPILOGUE.

Out of meer Idleneſs you keep a pother,
You've no more need of one than of the other.
Ladyes —
Would you be quit of their inſipid noiſe,
And vain pretending, take a fool's advice;
Of the faux Braves I've had ſome little trial,
There's nothing gives 'em credit but denyal:
As when a Coward will pretend to Huffing.
Offer to fight, away ſneaks Bully-Ruffin.
So when theſe Sparks, whoſe buſineſs is addreſſing,
In Love-purſuites grow troubleſome and preſſing.
When they affect to keep ſtill in your eye,
When they ſend Griſons every where to ſpye,
And full of Coxcomb dreſs and Ogle high;
Seem to receive their Charge, and face about,
I'll pawn my life they never ſtand it out.

FINIS.